

# ARLINGTON ENTERPRISE

Arthur E. Seagrave, Manager—PUBLISHED BY THE ENTERPRISE COMPANY—Wilson Palmer, Editor

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## HE TOOK HIS DEGREE.

Initiation Ceremony in Lexington Witnessed By Ladies—Harvard Man Gives Dissertation on "Why Does It Spin?"—His Courage Good.

"Why does it spin?" was the subject of an address at a select gathering in Lexington, Thursday evening, by a Harvard college man. He gave a very able address, considering his subject, and then performed some peculiar feats by request. The affair was in the nature of a surprise and was very much enjoyed by all except the performer.

About 8 o'clock in the evening, a young man called at the home of one of Lexington's young ladies, why, by the way, was entertaining two other lady friends, and introduced himself by announcing that his sister had been acquainted at one time with another Lexington lady. The introduction being sufficient, the young man proceeded to enjoy himself as any other young man would under similar circumstances. Hardly had the quartet become acquainted when the doorbell rang, and two other young men were ushered into the room. They were introduced to the first caller, and no sign of recognition passed between them. After a time, No. 2 requested No. 1 to deliver the address as stated above, which was done with as much grace as the circumstances would permit. Requests after that came thick and fast, and the performer did his best to entertain the company. He sang songs, danced, recited, gave exhibitions as best he could, how he would feel and act in a railway wreck, stood in the corner to accommodate the other two young men, retired from the room as punishment for not performing better, and continued to entertain to their heart's content.

Then he was ordered to come forward and assume his real role with his real name. The cognomen he had given was declared to be false, and then the mystery which surrounded the affair was cleared away. The performer was a Harvard man who was joining a secret society connected with the college, called the D. U., or something to that effect, and his performance was a part of the initiation, and the other two men were officials in the order. The latter were well acquainted with the young ladies, and had been granted permission to bring a friend with them on that occasion. It appeared that the young man had been going through a course of "sprouts" for the entire week, and would not be sufficiently tried until the week was up. He will, therefore, be regularly admitted to the order this evening if he has sustained the ordeal up to that time. It was stated that after he returned to college, Thursday night, he would be forced to accompany six other men to various parts of the city or outlying towns and there be submitted to other nerve-rasping ordeals. The young ladies, whose names are not disclosed for obvious reasons, were highly entertained throughout the entire performance, although their sympathy for the poor fellow could hardly be repressed.

## ANNUAL POLICE BALL.

The seventh annual police ball in Arlington attracted a large number of people Wednesday evening, and the ballroom where it was held was crowded. There were in attendance town officials of Arlington and police officers of neighboring towns and cities, and all were well received by the members of the Arlington Police Association, under whose auspices the ball was given. The stage was beautifully decorated with a profusion of palms, ferns and potted plants. A display of varicolored electric lights added to the effect. During the early hours of the evening a choice program of concert music was discoursed by Bendix's popular orchestra.

The grand march, at 9 o'clock, was led by Selectman E. S. Farmer, with Mrs. Katherine Russell. Next in line were Chief of Police Alonzo S. Harriman, with Miss May Donahue, Floor

A free social was held in the church, Wednesday evening, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid. Mrs. R. Brodick, Mrs. Henry J. Wilkins, Miss Wm. Macurdy and Mrs. Wm. Poole had charge of the entertainment, and light refreshments were served. The room was decorated with autumn leaves, lanterns and flowers. There was a large attendance.

CHIEF A. S. HARRIMAN,  
Chief Marshal, Arlington Police Ball.

Director James E. Whitten, with Mrs. Whitten, followed by the other officers of the association, with their partners, and about 100 couples.

After the march a pleasing dance program of 22 numbers afforded the devotees of Tersichore ample opportunity for enjoyment until the early morning hours. At midnight supper was served in Menotomy hall.

Chief of Police A. S. Harriman was floor marshal, James E. Whitten floor director, Andrew Irwin assistant director, and the aids were John Duffy, Charles H. Woods, Fred E. Smith and Robert Fall.

On the reception committee were Chief Harriman, John Duffy and Andrew Irwin.

The committee of arrangements comprised A. S. Harriman, chairman and treasurer, Charles H. Woods, secretary, Robert H. Fall, Andrew Irwin, Fred E. Smith, John Duffy and James E. Whitten.

The association will net a substantial sum from the affair, and the financial gain was equalled only by the social success.

James M. Thaxter, of South Framingham, formerly of Arlington, died Sunday, aged 80 years. He was buried in Arlington Tuesday.

## Belmont and Waverley

BELMONT.

Letters advertised at Belmont post-office, Nov. 2: Miss Mary Clark, Miss Violet Loomer, Mr. Donovan, Chas. Sawyer, Dannie Donovan (2).

The first debate of the Belmont High School Literary and Debating society was held in the assembly hall of the high school during the third and fourth periods, Wednesday. The subject for debate was: "Resolved that all trusts and general combinations tending to banish competition shall be forbidden by law." Robert Ross's side had the affirmative and Olive Reed's side the negative. After the six principal debaters had read their papers the debate was thrown open to the society and an unusually spirited and interesting discussion followed. The judges rendered their decision in favor of the affirmative.

The Arlington Golf club observed Halloween at their clubhouse on Pleasant street. The house was filled, and the serious game suitable for the evening was enjoyed by the members.

The house on Leonard street recently vacated by Mr. Powers is now being occupied by James Ryan.

D. J. Moulton and family, of Myrtle street, have returned from New York state and will winter at Belmont.

Mrs. Geo. Warren, of Waltham, has been visiting the past week, with her parents on Simond street.

VOTING DAY AT BELMONT.

Tuesday was a light day at the polls, as from a list of 585 but 360 votes were polled. Reuben L. Richardson, of Belmont, the Democratic candidate for senator, was defeated by Leonard B. Chandler, of Somerville, the Republican nominee. Thos. L. Creeley, of Belmont, the Republican candidate for representative to the general court, was re-elected by a combined plurality in Belmont and Watertown of 510. The vote in detail follows, the first mentioned being the successful Republican candidates:

Governor—W. M. Crane 273, J. Quincy

Lieut. Governor—J. L. Bates 264, J. W. Coughlin 66.

Secretary—W. M. Olin 270, W. B. Stone

Treasurer—E. S. Bradford 270, J. L. Chaffoux 49.

Auditor—H. E. Turner 264, J. F. Dean

Attorney-General—H. Parker 251, A. A. Putnam 63.

Councillor—H. D. Yerxa 248, G. A. Sanderson 62.

Senator—L. B. Chandler 227, R. L. Richardson 115.

Representative to General Court—T. L. Creeley 310, J. H. McDonough 41.

County Commissioner—F. Bigelow 246, R. Lusk 19.

District Attorney—G. A. Sanderson 236, T. F. Rodney 30.

Chief of Courts—T. C. Hurd 286, G. F. Ritchie 13.

Sheriff—J. R. Fairbairn 291, F. P. Finnegan 21.

Registered 585; votes polled 360.

PLYMOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

At the three services of the Plymouth Congregational church, last Sunday, by actual count there were over 300 people present in the evening. The ballroom was taxed to its fullest capacity, and an interesting concert was given by the children of the Sunday school. The platform was decorated with autumn leaves, flowers, fruits and vegetables, and Mrs. S. Blackie and Mrs. W. H. Poole had charge of the concert. It was to their efforts that much of the success of the evening was due. Two barrels of fruits and vegetables were shipped to the City Missionary society of Boston and distributed among the poor people. Next Sunday morning there will be a reception of members, followed by an observance of the Lord's supper.

The ladies of the Aid society of the church are preparing to erect a temporary barrel to a school of poor whites among the mountains of Tennessee. All articles of wearing apparel and dry groceries will be accepted. The next day will be sent to any one of the following houses: Mrs. Henry Wilkins, Myrtle street; Mrs. J. Edward Bartlett, Myrtle street; Mrs. C. B. Needham, Clematis Brook.

A free social was held in the church, Wednesday evening, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid. Mrs. R. Brodick, Mrs. Henry J. Wilkins, Miss Wm. Macurdy and Mrs. Wm. Poole had charge of the entertainment, and light refreshments were served. The room was decorated with autumn leaves, lanterns and flowers. There was a large attendance.

HARVEY—MACCABE.

An 815 evening wedding attracted a number of people to the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Maccabe, last Wednesday evening, when Miss Jennie Maccabe and Arthur Embert Harvey were united in the bonds of matrimony. Though the contracting parties were prominent among the younger people, the ceremony was of the most simple nature. In the presence of but few relatives and intimate friends, the wedding was performed by the Rev. Geo. P. Gilman, of Waverley.

The bride was gowned in white crepe de chine and carried a bouquet of brambles. The maid of honor, Miss Annie Maccabe, of Amherst, N. S., gowned in white muslin over blue, carried pinks. The best man was Ulysses S. Young, of Boston.

Wedding breakfast was served, and after congratulations were bestowed, the happy couple left on a wedding tour. The honeymoon being a secret.

Upon their return Mr. and Mrs. Harvey will reside with the bride's parents on Leonard street, Belmont.

WAVERTLEY.

Wallace H. Bate died at his home on Trapelo road, Waverley, at 210 Tuesday afternoon, after a lingering illness some few months. Mr. Bate was 61 years old, a Civil war veteran, serving during the war in one of the Massachusetts regiments, and was a member of post No. 6, G. A. R. in business he was proprietor of the Grundy Brass works, of Boston, which business is now carried on by his son, B. B. Bate. Mr. Bate leaves a widow and three daughters and two sons. The funeral was held at his late home at 1 o'clock yesterday, Rev. George P. Gilman officiating. The interment was at Wyoming cemetery, Melrose.

W. B. Walcott and family, who have been living in the upper tenement, corner Lexington and Chandler streets, have moved to Newton.

Trapelo lodge, I. O. O. F., had a pleasant little extra at the meeting, Monday

(Continued on Page Five.)

## STATE PRISON.

Roland A. Swan to Serve from Eight to Ten Years.

Former Assistant Treasurer of Arlington Sentenced—His Counsel Says Swan Is Not the Only Culprit and Asserts \$10,000 Is All He Took.

Roland A. Swan, of Arlington, was sentenced to state prison for a term of from eight to ten years by Judge Lawton, at the superior court, in Cambridge, Wednesday morning. Thus ends the final chapter in the famous case which has tied up the town of Arlington financially for a time, and witnessed the assistant town treasurer go from his official station to a term in state prison. One day will be spent in solitary confinement.

When the case was called by the judge, Counsel Richardson, for the defendant, said in substance: "My client has pleaded guilty to the charge of larceny of a much larger sum than he is really guilty of, and while I do not wish to make charges against other town officials, events will show sooner or later that Swan did not take the entire \$30,000."

When Swan was brought from the jail to the courthouse today he was somewhat paler than when he appeared last Friday and pleaded guilty to 200 counts in the indictment charging him with larceny of town funds to the amount of \$30,000. Attorney Richardson called witnesses eliciting from Arlington testimony to the previous good character of the defendant. Mr. Gill, pastor of the First Parish church.

Then Town Counsel W. H. Tuttle was called, and gave an extended account of the peculations discovered in Arlington after Swan's arrest last April. Dist. Atty. Wier then spoke very briefly, dwelling on the enormity of Swan's crime and referring to the trust that was reposed in him by the aged town clerk, whose confidence he had betrayed.

Attorney Richardson said in part: "I wish to call the court's attention to the fact that Swan never had any intention of putting the government to the expense of a trial. When accused he acknowledged he was guilty of taking far as to tell the chief of police that when wanted he might be found at his home."

"I do not wish at this time to accuse anyone else, but my client has pleaded guilty to larceny of a much larger sum than he really is guilty of, and future events will show what I say to be true. The whole amount of his stealings is not over \$10,000. He has always believed that to be so and has always said so. Swan had always borne a good reputation in the community until the time of his arrest. He is now 46 years old, would suggest that your honor take into consideration the fact that he placed himself in readiness to assist the town in straightening out the tangle and his willingness to abandon the right to a trial, thus saving expense. We are aware that a state prison sentence must be imposed by the court. In presenting his former good character we do so with the long that the prisoner cannot by the time he reaches the age of 50, or soon after, come out into the world once more and make an effort to make a place for himself in the community."

Judge Lawton, in imposing sentence, said that he did not take into consideration the fire in the town hall, nor any partiality insinuating that others were responsible for the peculations. He was aware of the town, it was proper for counsel for the prisoner to make public charges if he believed others were responsible. The court, however, could not take that feature into consideration. Swan's coming forward and pleading guilty the court believed should be taken into consideration. If he had not done so, the court would undoubtedly impose a severe sentence than he would now receive. The judge then pronounced the sentence of not less than eight nor more than ten years in the state prison. The prisoner took the casting of ballots and was immediately removed to the jail to make preparations for his departure for Charlestown.

Among the Arlington people at the court to witness the passing of the sentence were the Arlington selectmen, George I. Dow, E. S. Farmer and Walter Crosby, Rev. Frederick Gill, William H. Tuttle, Chief of Police A. S. Harriman, William G. Peck and Dr. Young.

## ARLINGTON VOTE.

The vote for governor was: Crane 516, Quincy 140. (Socialist Labor) 14, Lewis (Prohibition) 9, Wren (Democratic Social) 4. The vote of the Republican and Democratic candidates of the remainder of the state ticket was: Lieutenant Governor, Bates 509, Coughlin 134; Secretary, Olin 516, Stone 116; Auditor, Bradford 494, Dean 121; attorney general, Parker 507, Putnam 128; councillor, Henry D. Yerxa 514, Sanderson 128; senator, Chandler 510, Richardson 124; county commissioner, Crosby 617; county commissioner, Bigelow 549, Lusk (Democratic Social) 41; Merrill (Prohibition) 27; associate commissioner, Strange and Thompson (Republican) 481 and 419, scattering 183; district attorney, George A. Sanderson (Republican and Democratic) 546, scattering 10; clerk of courts, Hurd 560; sheriff, Fairbairn 560. As will be seen from the above there was nothing close enough to make an interesting election, and only 703 availed themselves of their privileges.

Before the polls opened Harvey N. Sears was elected clerk of the meeting for, as the town clerk pro tem, elected by the selectmen, he could not hold the position at the polls without a vote by the town. After the casting of ballots the polls were reopened to elect a moderator. There were ballots for Wren, H. Rawson and Walter A. Robinson, but the friends of the former were out-generalled in the distribution of ballots and a number of men had voted before the Rawson tickets were passed around. The result was: Robinson 37, Rawson 9. Mr. Robinson was then sworn in, and asked the voters what was their desire to do with the remaining articles in the warrant. William G. Peck moved that when the meeting adjourns it adjourn to meet Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock. He said he wanted an early meeting to hear the report on town affairs, and thought the meeting could not come too quickly. The vote was passed unanimously, and after the announcement of the election record the meeting adjourned.

## LEXINGTON'S VERDICT.

Election day was a quiet one Tuesday in Lexington and but 366 voters attended to their public duties. Everything was one-sided and no interest could be aroused by any of the committee. The vote for governor was Crane 273, Quincy 73, Berry (Socialist Labor) 4, Lewis (Prohibition) 5, Wren (Democratic Social) 1. The vote for the Republican and Democratic candidates for other offices were: Lieutenant governor, Bates 273, Coughlin 68; secretary, Olin 273, Stone 66; treasurer, Bradford 273, Chaffoux 62; auditor, Turner 260, Dean 70; attorney general, H. Parker 271, Putnam 72; councillor, Howe 273, Fletcher 73; senator, Williams 280, Foley 73; representative, Crosby 300.

## SUE TO RECOVER.

Arlington Selectmen Advise Immediate Action.

Lengthy Report on Town Finances Favorably Received, But Voters Want Time to Consider It—\$30,000 Missing.

The Arlington selectmen advised the town at the special meeting Thursday evening to bring suit to recover on the bonds of the ex-treasurer and ex-collector, B. Belmont Locke, to recover all losses incurred by the recent stealings for which ex-Assistant Roland A. Swan is serving sentence in state prison. The shortage so far as the selectmen have been able to trace is \$30,907.21. The meeting, which was adjourned from Tuesday afternoon, was called to order at just 7:30 o'clock by Moderator Robinson, who handled the affairs in perfect order and precision. His rulings were so absolutely fair and impartial that no one could criticize them in any particular.

Although the attendance was very large, in fact so large that 200 were unable to procure seats, there was no disorder and no excitement save that which was manifest by perfect silence while Selectman Farmer read the special report of the selectmen. William G. Peck asked for the consideration of article 17, which had to do with the existing shortage in the town's money, and with the suggestion of Warren W. Rawson that articles 18 and 19 be also considered at the same time, which were of a similar nature. It was so voted. Selectman Farmer then read the report from type-written manuscript which had been carefully and thoroughly prepared.

The report reviewed the incidents connected with the fire in the town hall, April 29, 1901, and the discovery of the open safe and the absence of over \$1400 in cash and checks. The finances were examined by Ralph W. Rawson and James P. Parmenter, the latter acting for Town Treasurer B. Belmont Locke. Various demands were made upon Mr. Locke. James P. Parmenter his counsel reported that the shortages were as follows:

Shortage in bank funds and various items, \$1925.77; amounts paid for taxes, sewer assessments, water rates, etc., where payment has been proved, but was not credited, \$19,930.96; amounts where payment is claimed but receipts have not been submitted, \$356.37; amounts claimed but not received, being lost, \$127.71; total deficit, \$30,907.21. The employment of detectives, safe expert, expert electrician and expert accountant, and the making of the new collector's book and rewriting the same have cost the town about \$300.

Oct. 26 the selectmen received the resignation of Mr. Locke as treasurer, collector and town clerk, and from all other offices held by him, the resignation to take effect upon the appointment and qualification of his successor. The uncollected taxes amount to \$28,886.61, and uncollected sewer assessments, \$10,574.24. All of the special funds in the hands of the treasurer have been found intact. The selectmen have appointed Harvey S. Sears town clerk, treasurer and collector, and his bond of \$30,000 will be filed at once.

The selectmen have secured the opinion of counsel that the bonds of the old collector and treasurer are legally binding, and have been advised by the Boston men Henry J. Locke and Edward T. Hornblower, but not in advance of the town meeting. The bond of each year was for \$30,000, and the amount of each bond is large enough to cover all losses. The report closed with a recommendation that the town order suit to be brought. The full text of the report will be found in the Enterprise next week.

C. T. Scannell moved the report be accepted, and this was seconded by R. B. Conant and carried, whereupon Mr. Scannell took the floor. He said he desired to move the report be accepted, previous to so doing that he was not present to "dig" anyone, but to try to find a way to solve the present difficulty. He said, "We face a serious situation, and must be performed. Let us approach it in such a manner as to allow no stigma to rest upon Arlington's good name. Let us first of all determine how the money was lost, and then let us determine how heroic must be its treatment. It is possible to go about this in such a way as to hold Arlington up to the world as a den of iniquity, or Tammany if you please, or it is possible to go about it so that the town will be pointed to as a municipality to be followed and not to be scorned. He then moved that the committee be appointed to thoroughly investigate the condition of the treasury department and the causes leading up to the condition, in order to determine who is responsible, etc., and to also suggest a way to rectify future methods of handling the finances of the town."

This was seconded by W. W. Rawson, who said that he approved of the town improvement association. Mr. Conant wanted the committee appointed from all sections of the town, north, south, east, west and center, but his suggestion did not meet with favor.

At this time, William G. Peck read the report of the committee on the clerical department, which suggested that it be believed to be much needed changes among them being the treasurer and collector being the same individual, and that he be bonded for \$30,000 in some surety company. The committee also suggested that the office of town clerk be provided with his duties prescribed by law. This report was accepted upon motion of Mr. Scannell and seconded by James A. Bailey, Jr. The latter then addressed the voters and said that the selectmen had taken time to consider the financial situation, he believed the town should have a chance to read the report carefully before being called upon to act on it. He was in favor of acting hastily, and did not think the voters wanted to divide the responsibility so quickly, and that time should be given to digest the report. He moved the motion of Mr. Scannell be laid upon the table until an adjourned meeting Monday evening, Nov. 18. This was seconded by R. J. Hardy.

Mr. Scannell said he was not to be changed in his purpose by any such talk, and while he was averse to rash action, he thought patience had been exhausted. He was voted out, however, for the financial situation to postpone action was carried by a vote of 120 to 47.

The proposed plan to change the name of Vine street, and that part of Appleton street near Massachusetts avenue to Paul Revere road was then brought up for action. G. W. Perkins, of Appleton street, said he had signed the petition to change the name of Vine street, but was opposed to the change in name of Appleton street. It was then voted without further discussion to change the name of Vine street as requested, but Appleton street will remain intact.

It was voted to straighten the northerly boundary line between the resurveyed property and the land of William H. Shay, but the motion to accept Summer street as a town way was defeated. It was also voted to refer the contract of lighting the town streets to the committee of twenty-one for consideration. The meeting then adjourned, to meet Monday evening, Nov. 18.

William J. Daley, DDSK, of Winchester, visited Arlington council, Knights of Columbus, last evening, and explained the new method of assessment to soon go into effect.

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## "WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

He who divided the great into three orders—those born great, those who achieve greatness and those who have greatness thrust upon them—reckoned but poorly. There is a fourth class, comprising a few who, having achieved a measure of greatness, are thrust upon with yet more.

Such men are often in their day looked upon as scourges of humanity and instruments of an evil power. One such was Alexander, the son of Philip of Macedon, born a prince, to be sure, but only of a wild region of northern Greece. His after greatness was, in truth, achieved through indomitable will and a capacity for organization and control of men. Alexander the Great later conquered the world, carrying in his mind the great idea of Hellenizing it, of imbuing it with the spirit of Hellenic thought and civilization.

In so far as he achieved greatness. But little did he think that his Hellenistic conquest, great as it was, was simply the preparation of the ground for a far greater Christian conquest to follow later. In this respect a much more significant greatness was thrust upon him. Napoleon Bonaparte, in his turn, of comparatively humble birth, achieved a greatness second only to that of Alexander. By the force of his will and the power of his imagination, with an Alexandrian dream of world-conquest, he held part of Europe in his hand and the whole in his fear. A united Germany stands as a monument to him. But his memory, and the memory of his greatness, are anathema and accursed.

The achievements of Alexander and of Napoleon were great, but they were, each in his day, assassins of thousands, and their greatness was devilish. With the adventitious greatness thrust upon them they personally had nothing to do. Providence prevails, but yet their names live and will live so long as lives the world, cursed even though they were by the men of their day.

Another of this fourth class of men has just passed along. Of low birth, as we reckon birth, in a single second he achieved greatness, of an unenviable and abhorred sort, to be sure, but yet greatness it cannot be gainsaid. So long as there is a memory of this country, so long will there be a record of its wars, for wars are the landmarks of history. So long as there is any record of the Spanish war, with its tremendous significance, so long will there be a memory of William McKinley. And with the name of McKinley must ever be linked that of his murderer, Cassius M. Brant. The rest is dead. Caesar slew McKinley. So the page must run. He slew a greater than himself, and by the act achieved greatness. The insignificant became significant.

Standing as we do with a long look backward, possessing the perspective of history, we can estimate exactly the greatness thrust upon Alexander and Napoleon. Who shall say how men looking at Czolgosz with our perspective towards Alexander may not regard him? Points of view change with changing epochs. He whom we excrete today in the course of time, be called a martyr. Not the less should we excrete him today, however. And yet, his name, murderer though he be, will doubtless live on into the ages, whether blessed or cursed of men, while we shall have been long forgotten. Providence prevails, but mysteriously.

## HER SLEEPING ROOM.

It was announced the other morning in one of the Boston dailies that Alice Roosevelt, President Roosevelt's eldest daughter, is to occupy the blue room in the White House, as her sleeping apartment. This announcement was made in glaring headlines, just as though it was important that the American people should learn where Miss Alice is to enjoy her fondest dreams. It is unfortunate and outside of all good taste that one high in official position cannot in his own home appropriate to himself and family that seclusion which rightfully belongs to every household. It isn't important that the American people should know where President Roosevelt's family sleep and whether they are safely "tucked up" for the night. The truth is, it is no one's business, outside of the immediate family, where they sleep. Why not allow our presidents to live their home life apart from the curious gaze of the crowd? Why should the American people always be peering in at the windows of the White House, and this, too, in the night time?

## AN ENCOURAGING SYSTEM.

The Elevated is not bound by a civil service law, in the management of its affairs, but many of its officers and employees have found that it acts upon civil service principles. The latest local illustration is the promotion of Mr. Pasho and Mr. Horgan. Mr. Pasho, formerly division superintendent, has been made superintendent of the overhead system, and Mr. Horgan will take the place left vacant by Mr. Pasho. Both men have worked their way up, step by step, and the recognition of their faithfulness and capacity will stimulate other ambitious employees to win promotions in the same way.

Why shouldn't our legislature take hold of the Boston harbor problems with some vigor? We want the steamship lines to send their biggest and best boats here, but the "Commonwealth" has recently been compelled, twice, to wait for a high tide to get up the channel. Other states do not expect the federal government to do all the work of improving harbors.

It is to be hoped that President Roosevelt will endorse his predecessor's recommendation for the protection of the native Pacific races from the dangers of drink and firearms. The law came near passing the last congress, and public sentiment is steadily improving.

Every kind of business in the country is showing surpassing prosperity, but Wall street has a fit of the blues and refuses to join the procession. Time was when Wall street counted for something in making national prosperity, but things have changed.

Don't worry if you can't give the new

names to all the old shades and colors in dress goods. You'll learn them in time. Really some of them are no improvement—lobelia instead of lilac, for instance.

The Buffalo exposition is over. It has given pleasure and profit to hundreds of thousands, and will mark an era in progress. Two years hence the St. Louis exposition will continue the educational work.

The Buffalo exposition will always be associated with the great national tragedy.

## ROBBINS LIBRARY, ARLINGTON.

## New Books.

Arnold, Augusta F. Sea-beach at ebbside. 592.4  
Bachelier, Irving. D'I and I. 1612.2  
Barnard, J. G. Analysis of rotary motion as applied to the gyroscope. 531.2  
Barr, Amelia E. Trinity: a tale of old New York. 1709.26  
Brady, Cyrus T. When blades are out and love's afield. 2125.3  
Caine, T. H. Hall. External city. 2421.8  
Chambers, R. W. Cardigan. 2607.4  
Clarke, Rebecca S. (Sophie May). Lucy in fairyland (Little Prudy's children). 2529.217  
Cook, E. T. Gardening for beginners. 716.16

Courtney, L. Working constitution of the United Kingdom. 49.10  
Croly, Geo. Tarry thou till I come, or Salathiel, the wandering Jew. 3122.1  
Day, T. F. On yachts and yacht handling. 797.5  
Dinsmore, C. A. Teachings of Dante. 3230.83

Dodge, H. Augusta, ed. Gail Hamilton's life in letters. 2 v. 3435.90  
Few astronomical instruments from the works of Warner and Swasey. 522.2  
Fitchett, W. H. How England saved Europe, 1337-1315. 4 v. 342.2  
Giles, H. A. History of Chinese literature. 895.1  
Hadley, A. T. Education of the American citizen. 300.3  
Haeckel, E. H. Riddle of the universe at the close of the 19th century. 215.22  
Halsey, F. W. Old New York frontier, its wars with Indians, etc., 1614-1800. 954.15

Hamlin, Myra S. 'Nan's Chilopod children. Sequel to Nan in the city. 4596.3  
Hart, A. B. ed. Welding of the nation, 1845-1900. (American history told by contemporaries). 925.31  
Hentz, Geo. A. With Roberts to Pretoria. Tale of the South African war. 4856.213

Hornung, Ernest W. Raffles: further adventures of the amateur cracksmen. 5144.3  
Jewett, Sarah O. Tory lover. 5513.16  
Kirk, Ellen W. O. (Henry Hayes) Our Lady Vanity. 5728.11

Leonard, J. W. ed. Who's who in America, 1901-2. 92.1  
McLaws, Lafayette. When the land was young. 6305.1  
Mason, Caroline A. Lily of France. 6496.2

Massachusetts year book and business directory, June, 1901. 917.4  
Miller, Harriet M. (Olive Thorne Miller). Second book of birds. Bird families. 598.50  
Morgan, J. V. ed. Theology at the dawn of the 20th century. 230.24  
Morley, J. Oliver Cromwell. 3126.219  
Mullier, F. M. ed. Parhisi texts. Part 3 (Sacred books of the East, v. 12). 290.6

Official retrospective exhibition of the development of harvesting machinery for the Paris exposition of 1900, made by Deering Harvester Co., Chicago. 6337.7  
Parker, Gilbert. Right of way. 7244.11  
Pridgin, Chas. F. Blenchesop, or the decrees of fate. 72832.2

Records of the town of Cambridge (formerly Newtowne), Mass., 1630-1703. 560.34  
Smith, Mary P. W. (P. Thorne). More good times at Hackmatack. Sequel to Jolly good times at Hackmatack. 856.13

Young and old puritans of Hatfield (Young puritans series). 8505.11  
Stevens, H. Life of Isaac Ingalls Stevens. 2 v. 8731.90  
Stillman, W. J. Autobiography of a journalist. 2 v. 8754.90

Swift, L. Brook Farm: its members, scholars and visitors. 335.4  
Torrey, B. Everyday birds. 598.49  
True history of Joshua Davidson, communist. 1144.6  
Tutttitt, Mary G. (Maxwell Grey). World's mercy, and other stories. 917.9

Wolfe, T. F. Literary haunts and homes. American authors. 834.16  
Wright, Mabel O. Flowers and ferns in their haunts. 580.15  
Oct. 26, 1901.

## AUTUMN.

The ceaseless fall of withered leaves, The young day growing dusk, Earth, of its springtime's beauty stripped, In simpler grandeur lies. P. M. G.

The rats in the cellar of a postman did damage his stock, the story ran. He set a trap for to catch a rat, but caught instead a pussy cat. He picked it up and then did yell, for there arose an awful odor. The postman had to change his clothes, and everyone else would hold his nose. So ask him when you tip your hat, "When is a pussy not a cat?"

The chalk marks that are to be seen on fence and post throughout Arlington Centre are in no way ornamental. The policemen are hunting for the boys who are so disfiguring the fences.

Miss Ethel Tewksbury is having many customers in her marmalade business enterprise. She has achieved a reputation among the people in this locality as the leading manufacturer of the dainty, and the most successful one at that.

## Arlington House

Arlington, Mass.

J. C. RAUCH, Proprietor.

Accommodations for transients and table boards. Stable connected. Telephone 56-2. Oct. 17

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32 years in the hacking business, is still at the same business at  
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Shop, 450 Mass. ave. opp. Medford st. Residence, 51 Lewis Ave.  
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Greenhouse Contractor, Steam Pump Repairer, etc.

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Boilers Re-tubed. Artesian Wells. Wind Mills. Roofing.

In all work contracted for the latest devices and most approved appliances are used and personal attention given to every job. Estimates furnished on contracts of any amount and satisfaction guaranteed.

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## House and Kitchen Furnishings,

HAS A FULL LINE OF

Crockery, Glass, China and Tin Ware, Preserving Jars, Toilet and Fancy Articles, etc., at

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Eight Mutual Companies Ten Stock Companies. Office open daily and Wednesday and Saturday evenings.

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You Can Rid Your House of Water Bugs and Roaches if You Use . . .

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ITS WARRANTED. SOLD EVERYWHERE. BY MAIL 50c.

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All Tools and Towels Scientifically Sterilized.

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## ARLINGTON SOCIETIES, CHURCHES, ETC.

## FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

E. Nelson Blake, president; Wm. D. Higgins, cashier. Corner Massachusetts avenue and Pleasant street. Open daily from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m.; on Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 7 to 8.30.

ARLINGTON CO-OPERATIVE BANK.

Geo. D. Moore, president; R. Walter Hilliard, secretary; W. A. Felce, treasurer. Meets in banking rooms of First National bank, first Tuesday in each month, at 7.30 p.m. Money offered at auction at 8.30.

ARLINGTON FIVE-CENT SAVINGS BANK.

Bank building, corner Massachusetts avenue and Pleasant street. William G. Peck, president; H. Blasdale, secretary and treasurer. Open daily from 3 to 8.30 p.m.; Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 7 to 9.

## ARLINGTON BOAT CLUB.

Meets first Monday in each month at clubhouse on margin of Spy pond. Admission fee, \$10; annual dues, \$15.

## ARLINGTON FINANCE CLUB.

Meets by invitation fourth Tuesday in each month.

## FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.

Hiram Lodge.

Meets in Masonic hall, corner Massachusetts avenue and Medford street, Thursday on or before the full moon.

## Menotomy Royal Arch Chapter.

Meets third Tuesday of each month in Masonic hall.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.

Bethel Lodge, No. 12.

Meets in Odd Fellows hall, Bank building, every Wednesday evening, at 8.

Ida F. Butler Rebekah Lodge, No. 152. Meets first and third Monday evenings of each month in Bethel lodge room.

ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN.

Circle Lodge, No. 71.

Meets first and third Fridays of each month in Grand Army hall, Massachusetts avenue, at 8 p.m.

## KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

No. 109.

Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month in K. of C. hall, over Shattuck's store.

## ROYAL ARCANUM.

Menotomy Council, No. 1781.

Meets first and third Tuesdays of each month in Grand Army hall, 370 Massachusetts avenue, at 8 p.m.

UNITED ORDER INDEPENDENT ODD LADIES.

Golden Rule Lodge, No. 51.

Meets in G. A. R. hall, the second and fourth Tuesday evenings in each month.

## GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

Francis Gould Post, No. 36.

Meets in G. A. R. hall, Massachusetts avenue, second and fourth Thursdays of each month, at 8 o'clock p.m.

## Women's Relief Corps, No. 43.

Meets in G. A. R. hall, Massachusetts avenue, second and fourth Tuesday afternoons of each month, at 2 o'clock.

## SONS OF VETERANS.

Camp 45.

Meets in G. A. R. hall, on the third Wednesday of each month, at 8 o'clock p.m.

WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

Meets in St. John's Parish house, Maple street, second and fourth Tuesdays of each month.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

Division 23.

Meets in Hibernian hall, corner Mystic and Chestnut streets, first and third Thursdays of each month, at 7.30 p.m.

## FORESTERS OF AMERICA.

Court Pride of Arlington.

Meets in K. of C. hall, the first and third Mondays of each month.

MASSACHUSETTS CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

St. Malachi Court.

Meets at Hibernian hall first and third Thursdays.

## ROBBINS PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Building is open to the public as follows: Sundays, 2.30 to 5.30 p.m.; Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 12 a.m., 1 to 6 and 7 to 9 p.m.; book room, 1 to 6 p.m.; Wednesdays, 10 to 12 a.m., 1 to 9 p.m.; book room, 1 to 9 p.m.; Saturdays, 10 to 12 a.m., 1 to 9 p.m.; book room, 1 to 9 p.m.; Wednesdays and Saturdays only, during the month of August.

## Arlington Heights Branch.

Open Tuesdays and Saturdays from 1 to 6; 7 to 9 p.m. Thursdays, 3 to 6, 7 to 9 p.m.

## TOWN OFFICERS.

Selectmen meet at their office in town hall on the last Monday evening of each month, for approval of bills. Regular meetings each Saturday evening. Town clerk and treasurer, office hours, 9 a.m. to 12 m.; 2 to 5 p.m.; also Mondays, 7 to 9 p.m.; Saturdays, 9 a.m. to 12 m. only.

Board of health, on call of chairman. Engineers fire department, Saturday before last Monday, each month.

School committee, third Tuesday evening monthly.

Sewer commissioners, on call of chairman.

Trustees of cemetery, on call of chairman.

Water commissioners, first Saturday in each month.

## FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Hose No. 1, on Park avenue; Hose No. 2, on Massachusetts avenue; Menotomy hook and ladder; Hose No. 3, on Broadway; Brackett chemical; Eagle hose, Henderson street.

## ARLINGTON FIRST PARISH.

(Unitarian.)

Corner Massachusetts avenue and Pleasant street, Rev. Frederic Gill, pastor. Board of Missions, 22 Academy street. Sunday morning preaching service at 10.45; Sunday school at noon, except July and August.

## ARLINGTON BAPTIST CHURCH.

Services on Sunday in Grand Army hall, Massachusetts avenue, Rev. Charles H. Watson, D. D., minister. Residence, 28 Academy street. Sunday service at 10.45 a.m.; Sunday school at noon hour; Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6.15 p.m.; evening church service at 7.15 o'clock.

## ARLINGTON HEIGHTS BAPTIST CHURCH.

Corner of Westminster and Park avenues. Sunday services: morning worship and sermon, 10.45 a.m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; evening service, with short talk, 7 p.m. Weekly prayer meeting, Friday eve., 7.45 p.m.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Morning service, 10.45 o'clock; Sunday school, 12 m.; Junior league, 3.30 p.m.; evening service, 7 o'clock. Prayer meeting, Wednesday evening, 7.30. Services in Methodist Union hall, Walter Grant Smith, pastor.

## ORTHODOX CONGREGATIONAL.

Corner Pleasant and Maple streets. Rev. Samuel C. Bushnell, pastor; residence, 28 Academy street, opposite the church. Sunday services, 10.45 a.m.; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6.30 p.m.; Sunday school at noon, except during July and August. Friday evenings, at 7.30, social service in vestry.

## FIRST UNIVERSALIST.

Massachusetts avenue, opposite Academy street. Rev. Harry Fay Fister, pastor. Gray street. Sunday services in the morning at 10.45; Sunday school at noon, except during July and August; Y. P. Union at 6.30 p.m.

## ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL.

Corner Academy and Maple streets. Rector, the Rev. James Yeames, Sunday services at 10.30 a.m.; other services according to church calendar.

## PARK AVENUE CHURCH.

(Orthodox Congregational.)

Corner Park and Wollaston avenues, Arlington Heights. Rev. John G. Taylor, pastor. Sunday morning service at 10.45; Sunday school at 12.15; Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6.30 p.m.; Sunday afternoon



## BELMONT AND WAVERLEY CHURCHES, SOCIETIES, ETC.

**FIRST PARISH CHURCH.**  
Belmont.  
Rev. Hilary Bygrave, pastor. Morning service, 10:45; Sunday school, 12 m. PLYMOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.  
Belmont.  
Rev. Elbridge C. Whiting, pastor. Morning service, 10:30 o'clock; Sunday school, 12 m.; evening praise, 7; weekly prayer meeting, Tuesday, 7:45 p.m. ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH.  
Belmont.  
Morning services at 8:30 and 10 o'clock; Sunday school, 3:30; vespers, 7:30. ALL SAINTS' CHURCH.  
(Episcopal), Belmont.  
Sunday school, 10 a.m.; morning service, 11; Reginald H. Coe in charge of parish. WAVERLEY UNITARIAN SOCIETY.  
Rev. C. H. Allen, pastor. Services every Sunday morning, 10:45; Sunday school, 12 m.; Young People's Religious union, first and third Sunday each month, 7 p.m. All invited. WAVERLEY BAPTIST SOCIETY.  
Rev. H. S. Smith, pastor. Services in Waverley hall; Sunday school, 2:45 p.m.; preaching service, 7:45 p.m.; prayer meeting, Thursday evening, 7:30. CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.  
Waverley.  
Rev. Geo. P. Gilman, pastor. Morning service, 10:45; Sunday school, 12 m.; Young People's Society Christian Endeavor, 6:15 p.m.; evening service, 7:15; prayer meeting, Friday evening, 7:30. ROYAL ARCANUM.  
Waverley Council, No. 313.  
Meets in Lodge hall, Waverley, second and fourth Tuesday evenings each month. INDEPENDENT ORDER ODD FELLOWS.  
Trapezoid Lodge, No. 228.  
Meets in Lodge hall, Waverley, every Monday evening. FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.  
Belmont Lodge.  
Meets on the first Thursday of each month, at Masonic hall, Belmont.

## BELMONT FIRE ALARM.

2. No School.  
7. Concord Ave., near Myrtle St.  
9. Cor. School and Gorden Sts.  
12. Cor. Clark and Thomas Sts.  
13. Cor. Waverley and Common Sts.  
14. Concord Ave. (Opposite E. A. Atkins).  
15. Home House.  
16. Cor. Pleasant and Clifton Sts.  
17. Prospect St.  
18. Cor. Pleasant and Brighton Sts.  
19. Cross St.  
21. Brighton St. near Hill's Crossing depot.  
22. Cor. Common and North Sts.  
23. Cor. Common and Washington Sts.  
24. Belmont St. cor. Oxford.  
25. Cor. School and Washington Sts.  
26. Grove St.  
27. Town Farm.  
28. Waverley St.  
29. Cor. Lexington and Beech Sts.  
30. Cor. Church and North Sts.  
31. White and Maple Sts.  
32. Mill St. near J. S. Kendall.  
33. Trapezoid road, Agassiz St.  
41. Spring lane.  
42. School St. near Hittinger.  
One blow for test, at 5:55 a.m., 4:55 p.m.  
Two blows when fire is all out.  
D. S. M. ABE, Chief.  
E. PRICE.  
H. H. RUSSELL, Engineers.

## THE HOME GOLD CURE.

An Ingenious Treatment by Which Drunkards are Being Cured Daily in Spite of Themselves.

No Noxious Diseases. No Weakening of the Nerves. A Pleasant and Positive Cure for the Liquor Habit.

It is now generally known and understood that Drunkenness is a disease and not weakness. A body filled with poison, and nerves completely shattered by periodical or constant use of intoxicating liquors, requires an antidote capable of neutralizing and eradicating this poison, and destroying the craving for intoxicants. Sufferers may now cure themselves at home without publicity or loss of time from business by this wonderful "HOME GOLD CURE" which has been perfected after many years of close study and treatment of inebriates. The faithful use according to directions of this wonderful discovery is positively guaranteed to cure the most obstinate case, no matter how hard a drinker. Our records show the marvelous transformation of thousands of Drunkards into sober, industrious and upright men. WIVES CURE YOUR HUSBANDS! CHILDREN CURE YOUR FATHERS! This remedy is in no sense a nostrum but a specific for this disease only, and is so skillfully devised and prepared that it is thoroughly soluble and pleasant to the taste, so that it can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it. Thousands of Drunkards have cured themselves with this priceless remedy, and as many more have been cured and made temperate men by having the "CURE" administered by loving friends and relatives without their knowledge in coffee or tea, and believe today that they do NOT WAIT. Do not be deluded by apparent and misleading "improvement." Drive out the disease at once and for all time. The "HOME GOLD CURE" is sold at the extremely low price of One Dollar, thus placing within reach of everybody a treatment more effectual than others costing \$25 and \$50. Full directions accompany each package. Special advice by skilled physicians when requested without extra charge. Sent prepaid to any part of the world on receipt of One Dollar. Address Dept. B. 630 EDWIN B. GILES & COMPANY, 2329 and 2332 Market Street, Philadelphia. All correspondence strictly confidential.

## TRY

**GROSSMITH'S**  
**Eau de Quinice**  
**Hair Tonic.**

Sure cure for dandruff and falling hair. Keeps the hair moist.

**C. W. GROSSMITH,**  
Registered Pharmacist,

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**Pleasant Street Market.**

**CHOICE MEATS,**  
**FRESH VEGETABLES,**  
**CREAMY BUTTER,**  
**FRUITS.**

12 Pleasant Street, Arlington.

## THE NEGRO'S ADORATION.

His Love For a Steamboat Outdoes His Regard For a Mule.

"The negro's relation to the steamboat is peculiar," said an old steamboat man recently, "and my experience of twenty-five years or more on the Mississippi has convinced me that the negro has a much deeper love for the steamboat than he has for anything else on earth, except something that will satisfy his physical craving. The negro's devotion to the steamboat is really pathetic. There is a popular but erroneous belief that there is a strong affinity existing between the negro and the mule. The negro likes the mule, of course, and he can generally get more out of the mule than the white man, and I sometimes believe the mule looks upon the white man as being responsible for his place in nature and the many unhappy burdens he is forced to bear. But, getting back to the negro and the steamboat, the black man seems to have almost defied the boat."

"Go down on the levee or go to any steamboat landing along the rivers of the south and watch the negro when the boat arrives. From the very time the whistle sounds until the bell clangs to pull in the lines he is an object of happy worship of the boat. The negro who has absolutely nothing to do with the boat, who has not even the remotest connection with the vessel, will delight in doing things to help the boat along and to see that she maintains her reputation for fleetness and reliability on the river. They do these things without any hope of reward. They do it just for the satisfaction of doing it. They do it out of pure love for the boat. If the boat happens to be a good speeder, she becomes the idol of the negroes along the river and in the territory where she runs, and really the rousters take more pride in the fleetness of the boat than the owners and would probably fight quicker if any man should be indiscreet enough to cast some slight aspersion upon the boat's good name."

"I have seen negroes at the way landings who actually took great pleasure in handling the ropes used in holding the boat to the landing, and they would work like Trojans when it came to hauling the line out, or hauling it in, as we say on the river. And there is another curious fact about the negro and the steamboat. The negro who works on a steamboat believes he is better socially than his less fortunate brothers who are forced to toil along other lines. There is a sort of black steamboat aristocracy, with the black man in the highest position in the service as a leader of the clan. Man, in his ingenuity, may go on devising steam engines that thunder across the land and huge and wonderful electric motors and automobiles and bicycles and all that sort of thing, but the steamboat that floats up and down the river is the thing for the black man."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## THE BARBER'S VICTIM.

He Was Passive in the Chair, but Had His Revenge.

"Shave," said the stranger as he settled himself in that mysterious mechanical contrivance commonly known as the barber's chair.

"Hot cloths?" suggested the barber as he made away with the relics of the shave.

"Guess not," sighed the victim.

"Hot cloths great thing. Never tried them?"

"No."

"Well, just let me fix you up." And the barber proceeded to the laying on of the hot cloths.

"Hair cut?" he hinted after the hot cloth ordeal.

"No, not today."

"Your hair's rather long," persisted the tonsorialist as he toyed with the elongated fringe about his subject's ears.

"As you please, then," assented the man in the chair.

"Your hair's coming out," pronounced the barber as he pulled out a handful of evidence. "Want it singed?"

"No."

"Singeing is just what it needs."

The victim yielded.

"Shampoo?" softly cooed the gentle barber a few minutes later.

"Oh, no."

"Your head's quite dusty. The dust gets into the roots and ruins the quality of the hair."

The victim surrendered.

"Hair tonic?" sweetly coaxed the barber as he let up on the ragtime towel exercise.

"I guess so," answered the stranger dazedly.

"Bay rum, sea foam, witch hazel, paris green?"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"Face massaged?" quoth the barber.

"Yes, yes; of course, old man!" faintly. Silence for five minutes.

"There you are!" whispered the self-satisfied, labor-loving barber as he assisted the unfortunate out of the trap. "One dollar and sixty-five cents, please."

The stranger staggered slightly at the blow, his face kaleidoscoped the various colors of the rainbow in rapid succession and then:

"Here's ten cents for the shave. That's all I have."—New York Herald.

## Late, Indeed.

The chairman of a lecture committee of a literary society sat restlessly on the stage before a large and waiting audience, wondering why the expected lecturer did not arrive. Finally he felt that some sort of an excuse was necessary and stepped to the footlights.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I regret this delay and am unable to account for the absence of Professor Smythe, who was to lecture here tonight. He told me that he would be on time if he was alive, and, as he is not here, we must conclude that he is dead."

Just then the professor rushed out on the stage all out of breath. "Ladies and gentlemen," continued the chairman, "allow me to introduce to you the late Professor Smythe, who will now address us on 'The Inferno.'"—New York Herald.

## Older Than His Father.

A curious tombstone has been discovered at Iffracombe (England) churchyard by a correspondent. The inscription reads as follows: "In memory of William Griffiths, died October 25, 1835, aged 127 years. Also William, father of the above, who died October 2, 1845, aged 72 years." According to the dates given, the son was sixty-five years older than the father.

## Not a Hard Case.

"Ever been in any trouble before?" asked the judge.

"Well, suh, I wuz run over by a railroad once, but I never hurt the engine."—Atlanta Constitution.

## THE LOST LOCKET

A Story of 1825 and 1900

IN AUGUST, 1900.

Under the afternoon sun the restless waters of San Francisco bay flung diamonds and opals at such human eyes as chanced to look on them.

Two young people who strolled down to the Presidio beach, however, had no glances to spare for anything so commonplace as diamonds and opals. For Lieutenant Anderson was gazing into the depths of the great, soft black eyes of Miss Pachita de Sola, and Miss Pachita de Sola was looking up into the ardent blue ones of Lieutenant Anderson. She seemed to like it.

The tall young soldier with the fair hair, broad shoulders and square, manly Saxon face had not been long released from the hard work and harder restraint of West Point, and in his new freedom of army life went at things with an energy of desire that was quite irresistible. Miss Pachita de Sola found it so, as had half a dozen other girls within as many months. It was a wholly serious business with the lieutenant this time, though.

He had been in California but a few weeks, and this daughter of an ancient though decayed Spanish family, as American in education and thought as himself, was ravishing in her novelty. Altogether feminine, Pachita, at one moment child-like and clinging; the next worldly, witty and mocking; then, with the lids hiding those lovely, big eyes of hers, her whole aspect suggested—especially to a lieutenant with ample means to marry—possibilities of tenderness unspoken.

No wonder that when Miss Pachita permitted Lieutenant Anderson to gaze down into her eyes and returned an answering look, giving a little sigh, too, his head went after his heart, which had been lost for an eternity—that is to say, for two terrific, sleepless nights.

But the young lady was discreet, and, gently clasping his fingers, removed them from her waist, saying demurely:

"Don't be foolish, John. Somebody may be looking."

This in a city and in full sight of the ever vigilant garrison struck John as being not improbable.

Instant in action, as became a soldier, Lieutenant Anderson executed a flank movement on a sand bank and seated Miss de Sola in its lee, on a large, water-whitened, sun-dried log of driftwood. Then this consummate tactician repeated the original attack with entire success.

"Pachita, oh, my darling!" breathed the ecstatic lieutenant, straining her to his side and immediately showing a disposition to put a knee upon the beach.

"Well, John?" and the smile of love and gratified vanity that smote his eyes blinded them.

"Name the day, oh, Pachita; I cannot live till you do!"

Pachita pursed her full, red lips, puckered the midnight eyebrows and considered profoundly, digging deep into the sand with his cane the while.

"The day, my own love—the day," gasped John.

"Dear me," Miss de Sola exclaimed suddenly, "what a beautiful shell!"

"Blast the shell!" cried Lieutenant Anderson, reaching for what she had unearthed, to cast it wrathfully out among the unnoticed diamonds and opals.

But he was restrained in wonder.

IN AUGUST, 1825.

The same sun was enriching the dancing waters of the same bay with diamonds and opals. A young couple who strolled down to the Presidio beach admired the view very much, and Senorita Pachita de Sola had no occasion to remind the lieutenant by her side that somebody might be looking. Lieutenant Juan de Echeandia would have liked greatly to coil his arm about that slim waist, but did not dare, though there was only a small and sleepy garrison and no city at all behind them—only the padres and Indians at the mission Dolores, far over the sand hills, and a cabin or two down at the embarcadero, entirely out of sight.

Pachita de Sola was niece of Commandante Don Luis Antonio Arguello, and though he, Lieutenant Juan de Echeandia was a nephew of Don Jose Maria, of the same name, one, even though an aristocrat, has under all circumstances to show proper respect for his commanding officer. Besides, the Senorita Pachita had twice refused his friendly offered hand. It was bestowed upon Ensign Tiburcio Mendez at Monterey, though this was not known to a certainty at the Presidio.

Lieutenant Juan de Echeandia and Senorita Pachita de Sola walked leisurely to the little wharf where that wonderful vessel, constructed but recently by a wandering British sailor, lay preparing for a voyage to Sausalito, four leagues distant. It was a marvelous boat, with oars and a sail, and capable of accommodating no less than six persons. Don Luis Antonio Arguello himself had commanded her in person on the dozen passages which she had made to the opposite shore for timber. Previous to the creation of this extraordinary ship, which annihilated distance and obliterated time, timber was hard to get from Corte de Madera. Soldiers were sent around by way of San Jose, armed with axes, who crossed the strait of Carqueinez on rafts, and in the circuit of seventy leagues encountered hardships and consumed weeks.

And the timber was brought over by Chief Martin, an aborigine given to cruising on a float of logs and tules, who alone knew the winds and currents of the bay. It was but a matter of a day now to sail over for the timber and return with it.

Corporal Pedro Sanchez had made all the voyages with the commandante and rated now as a superior navigator, his marine fame being dear to him. Don Luis had swollen him with pride by placing him in command for this one trip. His enlargement became perilous when Lieutenant Echeandia suddenly proposed to Senorita Pachita that they make the voyage, and she, being young and thoughtless, consented.

Brave Corporal Sanchez sailed the Mejico superbly as far as Angel Island, descending eloquently on the art and mystery of seamanship. Issuing to his crew of three soldiers sundry orders in a commanding voice of thunder, he prepared to pass the point.

Alas, an eastern wind came whistling through the treacherous Raccoon strait, and in spite of all Corporal Pedro's seamanship the Mejico was caught and

whirled round and round and borne with the racing tide toward the Golden Gate. Senorita Pachita de Sola screamed, but there was no help sent down from heaven, even on the appeal of those pretty lips, grown quite white, or of that pale face, with its big black eyes wild with terror.

Lieutenant Juan de Echeandia swore—swore at Corporal Pedro Sanchez, but profanity, though frequently an adjunct to navigation, is not of use in imparting knowledge thereof.

So out to sea they drifted, far out, almost to the Farallones.

For eight days and nights they were as a chip on the waves, the Raccoon gusts having snapped the mast and carried away the sail. Corporal Pedro, famous as a mariner, had forgotten to bring oars.

Senorita de Sola gave herself up to Mary, mother of God, as did the corporal and the three men in the bow, who passed the hours in shuddering prayer.

But Lieutenant Juan had a soldier's soul.

On the second day he drew his sword, and at its point the men yielded such food and water as the boat contained. These he bestowed where his body was between them and recapture.

The corporal Pedro, though a fool and unfortunate, was loyal. With him the lieutenant kept watch and watch, and through all those awful eight days and nights (by my pen, it is true that the boat was gone that long, as you may read in Hittell's "History of California") the Senorita de Sola wanted for neither food nor drink, and the delicacy of Lieutenant Juan would have brought tears of gratefulness to any woman's eyes. He did wonders, as tradition has handed down, with cloaks and coats and stray bits of rope to cabin the lady.

On the eighth day—sincere prayer is ever answered—a blessed wind sprang up from the west and, tide assisting, blew the Mejico back through the Golden Gate. The cruising chief Martin, on his tulle float, was sent by Providence to tow her to the Presidio wharf, where the commandant and the cheering garrison awaited the return of the lost to life—the ones saved by an unquestionable miracle. The padres bore the lesson home in many a sermon.

As the Senorita de Sola rose in the stern to disembark she tottered from weakness and agitation. Lieutenant Juan stretched out an arm and preserved her from a ducking. She gave a little scream, not at the public embrace, but because in throwing up her small brown hands she had broken a slender gold chain that hung about her neck—broken it, and over into the deep water it went, together with a locket that had rested on her virgin bosom.

"My dears," said Commandante Don Luis Antonio Arguello, when they had refreshed themselves at his quarters and related their adventures—"my dears, I think that under all the circumstances the best thing you can do is to get married, at once."

"I'm with you," exclaimed Lieutenant Juan de Echeandia in Spanish, opening his arms.

And Senorita Pachita de Sola crept timidly into them, hiding her lovely, blushing face upon his happy, weather-beaten breast.

IN AUGUST, 1900, AGAIN.

Lieutenant John Anderson was restrained from throwing the abalone shell into the bay, after his indecipherable language concerning it, because imbedded under a transparent, overlying, iridescent deposit he beheld an open golden locket, showing the face of a handsome young man, evidently Spanish.

Miss de Sola, excited, took it from him, scrutinized it intently, looked up with sparkling eyes and pointed a slim, triumphant, olive finger at a name beneath the miniature.

"There," she cried, "grandma did love that Monterey ensign, though she always denied it!"

"But Pachita—Pachita, darling, do name the day," pleaded Lieutenant Anderson all a-tremble.

"Oh, bother!" impatiently returned Miss de Sola, absorbed again in the abalone. "Name it yourself."

## Work of Blind Sculptors.

There have been several cases recorded in which famous sculptors have been blind. Dr. Vidal, the well known French sculptor, was blind. He made a special study of animals, surrounding himself with pets of all kinds, which he would fondle until he was able to reproduce them in clay with a skill that surpassed any of his contemporaries. On one occasion, in order that he might make a true model of a lion, he obtained permission from the proprietor of a menagerie to enter (accompanied by the tamer) a cage containing a magnificent specimen of the king of beasts, which he stroked and caressed until he had acquired an exact conception of its shape and mien. Giovanni Gambasio, the sculptor, had been deprived of his sight for ten years before the idea came to him to be an artist. His fame as a sculptor spreading abroad, he was sent by the Grand Duke of Tuscany to Rome to model the statue of Pope Urban VIII.—Ladies' Home Journal.

## An Amateur Brass Band.

A well known band was practically two men short. It had its full strength numerically, but two of the regular members had not been able to come, and in their stead had been pressed a couple of "followers," who (in the vernacular) "could not play for nuts." Effectually to prevent their getting out a single sound, the conductor had jammed a cork into their instruments, or, rather, they were players and yet not players; they counted as two, but otherwise they were a source of weakness rather than of strength. Handicapped though the band thus was, however, it succeeded in carrying off the first prize.—Good Words.

## In the Bargain Store.

Mrs. Barnes—Why, how do you do, Mrs. Howes? Isn't this the last place you'd expect to see me? I only came in just for fun, you know. Wouldn't think of buying anything here, of course.

Mrs. Howes—Of course not. The idea of anybody buying anything in such a place!

Later.—Mrs. Howes (solus)—H'm! She can't fool me. I'll bet she does all her shopping here.

Mrs. Barnes—Now I've found out where that woman gets all her clothes. I might have known by the looks of them.—Boston Transcript.

## Sultan and His Camera.

The sultan of Morocco has a \$10,500 camera.

And there is no doubt that when he says "Look pleasant, please," they all do. If they don't, he takes their heads in another way.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## CHAMBERLIN AS HOST

DAINTIES FOR WHICH HIS CLUB IN WASHINGTON WAS FAMED.

Secret Recipes That Delighted the Lovers of Good Eating—All Plain American Cooking Too—The Epicure's Wide Popularity.

In his most successful days John F. Chamberlin's club in Washington had three buildings, all communicating. They had once been residences of the old fashioned kind. When in congress, the late Fernando Wood of New York lived in one of them. Ex-Governor Swan of Maryland lived in another. The cooking at Chamberlin's was always plain, but it was the very best imaginable when things were going right in the establishment. It was purely American.

"No French or German cooking in here," was Chamberlin's constant boast. "We can beat them all hollow. With sauce, gravy, spices and herbs they serve bad stuff. You cannot do it if you stick to the American way of cooking, and I will not have any other."

Chamberlin in his day asked the biggest prices charged in Washington. He had a method in it. "Why," he exclaimed one night, "if I sold two drinks for a quarter and beer at 10 cents a bottle it would not be a month before every Tom, Dick and Harry in this town would be dropping in to Chamberlin's to meet prominent people. And, boys, you would not come in here if I ran a cheap place."

Chamberlin's cooks were negro women from Maryland and Virginia. He employed five or six of them. In addition to what they knew before entering his employ he taught them many new wrinkles in a culinary way. Unless some one can get hold of his recipes it is doubtful if another such place will ever be conducted in Washington. Many of the recipes were secret. Never did mortal man eat elsewhere such delectable crabs as were served at Chamberlin's. They could be obtained any day in the year. At the average place a delectable crab is sold for 10 or 15 cents. The price at Chamberlin's was invariably 30 cents. During the international medical congress, which was held here in 1886, the delegates from Europe simply went wild over the crabs and other good things served at Chamberlin's. They tried to get the recipe, but to no purpose, as it was a secret.

The plainness of the cooking at Chamberlin's was what really made it so popular. Men and women got there a home-like service. The supplies came regularly from certain localities. For instance, he bought turkeys in Rhode Island, declaring that they were the most delicious to be found anywhere in the United States. They were specially raised for his house and cost delivered 25 cents a pound. Jowl and spinach was a famous dish at Chamberlin's. The jowls he invariably got from Tennessee. Good old country sausage was furnished him by people in Maryland not many miles from Washington.

The so-called Blue Point oysters Chamberlin always maintained were a humbug, and he did not allow them in his house.

"Baby oysters are served up for Blue Points," he exclaimed, "and I will not impose upon the public. Very few real Blue Points can be obtained."

The Lynn Haven bay oysters Chamberlin considered the best flavored, fattest and finest that could be set before a guest. He purchased them regularly in large quantities from a firm at Norfolk, Va. He never permitted a slider or alleged diamond back terrapin to get into his kitchen.

"There is but one real terrapin," he used to say. "To call them all diamond backs is rot. You can get diamond backs from a dozen states. The Chesapeake terrapin is superior to any other found on the earth, and any keeper of a public house who would palm off slider, or the fresh water terrapin, stewed in a loblolly sauce, with real and goose liver added, ought to be sent to the penitentiary for ten years."

Mince pie was a delicacy that came high at Chamberlin's, but it was the best that could be had. That was another secret recipe. Thanksgiving and Christmas it was Mr. Chamberlin's custom and pleasure to send to the president of the United States and other friends among the prominent men of the capital city Rhode Island turkeys and his noted mince pies. He also sent each year to the American legation in London a liberal supply of good things for the Thanksgiving dinner, including turkeys, oysters, Kentucky mutton, Smithfield hams and mince pie.

Chamberlin's place was always run wide open night and day and Sundays as well. The police did not bother him. The lawmakers of the land who were inclined to be gay and sportive frequented his place in such numbers that he knew he was safe in conducting the establishment as he pleased. Policemen would pass Chamberlin's on Sunday afternoons in summer when the windows were up and the waiters served drinks and cigars to customers just as if it had been Saturday. You could see senators, representatives, governors and public officials at the tables. A merry crowd it was, and the genial host was flitting from table to table, chatting with this group and that and taking more drinks than any other man in the place.

Chamberlin was a most hospitable man. He cared nothing for money. If his income had been \$1,000,000 a year, he would have spent it all on his friends. He knew that in being so generous and convivial he was shortening his life. That did not, however, trouble him. He would get up out of bed after a severe attack of rheumatic gout and give a big dinner to some prominent man to which he would invite the choicest spirits to be found in the land. He tried to drink with everybody who came in, and that hastened his death. Nothing pleased him more than to have a lively gathering and sit up until broad daylight.

He was the great attraction of his place. Men liked him for his good, honest nature, his wit, his fund of anecdote and because he attracted to his establishment the most successful and entertaining men who were in the habit of visiting Washington. Outside of railroad officers of the highest standing no one had more passes over the leading lines of the country than John Chamberlin. He could go anywhere he pleased without paying a cent. One pass issued by the president of a western road read, "Pass John F. Chamberlin; account, profound piety." Chamberlin used to show that piece of pasteboard with much glee and would then remark, "The beauty about this is the thing is true."—New York Sun.

## THE REPORTER'S FIRST STORY.

Scored a Success Because He Did Not Know When to Drop It.

"When I broke into the newspaper business," said the veteran New York correspondent of a big western daily, "I made a hit on my very first assignment, and, oddly enough, my success was due entirely to my ignorance of my profession."

"I had long had an ambition to be a newspaper man, and when I was offered a position on a morning paper I jumped at the chance. It wasn't much of a position, and for several months I hung around the office waiting for the news assignment which did not come. Now and then I would be sent out to get material for an 'obit.' note on somebody who had died or perhaps would have a chance at a late fire. But it was a red letter day when I got more than ten lines into the paper. Still, I turned up regularly every noon with the reporters and stood around waiting for that assignment."

"One day the city editor called me to his desk and gave me an anonymous postal card the paper had received calling attention to high assessments which had been put upon property in a certain street. He told me to look it up. It was one of those things where the chances for a story were about one in a million, but with that blissful ignorance which characterizes the 'cub reporter' I started for the place."

"Not knowing anything about the methods of reporters, I canvassed that street from beginning to end—it was about two miles long—and



**THE ENTERPRISE**  
 FRANK PALMER, Editor.  
 Telephone 301-2.

[Entered as Second-Class Matter.]

Saturday, November 9, 1901.

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### "THE SEASON IS NIGH."

President Roosevelt begins his Thanksgiving proclamation with the sentence, "The season is nigh, when," etc. Now comes along the critic declaring he should have said "near" instead of "nigh." What fools men and women can make of themselves in their hypercritical use of language! The American people are fortunate in having a president who dares employ the English language as he thinks best. It is said that some one went to General Jackson when he was president, and said to him, "You have spelled a word wrong in your last state paper." Whereupon President Jackson replied immediately, "He is a fool who can spell a word only one way." And so may President Roosevelt reply, "You are a fool, Mr. Critic, in your immoderate use of language." Surely "the fools are not all dead yet."

### SET YOUR RESIDENCES BACK.

If that portion of Massachusetts avenue formerly known as High street would set its residences to be built back from the highway, then would the street be much improved in appearance. Too many of us, to save a foot of land, are quite willing to disregard the law of all proportion and symmetry. It was a mistake, in our estimation, in building or remodeling the old Cutter schoolhouse into a private dwelling, to give it a site almost directly on the street, and this, too, very nearly in front of the new Cutter school building. A generous frontage to the private house is always an attractive feature in any locality, and what is more, it tells favorably of the esthetic taste of the householder. The private grounds about one's house should be ample, for they are not only a convenience and a picturesque bit of planning, but they are an educator to the children. That portion of Massachusetts avenue to which we refer has yet a lesson to learn in landscape gardening.

### FENCE THEM IN.

The school board should lose no time in fencing in the grounds belonging to the several school buildings in Arlington. As now arranged, the grounds are open to the public as a common highway and as a convenient loading place for the idle and mischievous. We have it from good authority that now all sorts of nuisances are committed upon the grounds, while we know for a fact that one day last week, as a little girl was making her way across the grounds of the Russell school to see her sister, a pupil in the school, she was caught up by a lecherous tramp, who attempted to rudely kiss her, while he attempted to seduce her. The girl, however, fortunately escaped. We have learned that Supt. Sutcliffe has long desired that the school grounds should be inclosed by a substantial fence, so that the grounds might be appropriated solely by the pupils and their teachers, and in this desire and request Mr. Sutcliffe is right. Will the school board take action in this matter?

### "DON'T MUMBLE."

In the last issue of "Success" there is an excellent article on the subject of "Speak Up" or "Don't Mumble." "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear" presupposes that the voice is to clearly enunciate the spoken word. An average volume of voice even a partially deaf man can hear, while the incoherent mumble cannot be understood even by the most acute ear. There is, there can be, no greater fault in conversation than an imperfect enunciation. Why will men and women swallow their voices when they talk? Why not speak up in an intelligible way? A clearly enunciated voice is easily heard. Why put your listener in so disagreeable and awkward position as to compel him to be forever asking, "What did you say?" And then, to clear yourself of that everlasting mumble of yours, swear that your friend is deaf as a post. Clear enunciation is an important part, if not the most important part, of one's education, and we are glad that the Arlington public schools are treating it as such. We now have in mind friends of ours, when it is no little torture to listen to their conversation, simply because they speak in an undertone and smother the voice. Still we are compelled to listen, and answer at random. Dear friend, do speak up, and no longer mumble.

### "YOU HAVE MY SYMPATHY."

The above is what we all say when the poor fellow is in ill luck, but how meaningless the saying unless our sympathy takes practical shape! That man who gathers about him an army of friends in the hour of his prosperity is too often left alone when adversity comes. This fact, for fact it is, is to be recognized in every community. It is as true of Arlington as of any other locality. Let misfortune come to one in a financial way, and then see for yourself how the professed friends scatter and run. It doesn't matter that one is inflexibly honest if he has lost or is likely to lose his last dollar, the crowd will pass him by all the same. It is to the everlasting discredit and shame of our humanity that our substantial interest in our neighbor ceases the moment he is flat upon his back. When one is able to walk he doesn't need the help of anyone while journeying on his way. It is the lame man who needs a staff. Now, you reader of the Enterprise, just look about you, and you will be sure to find some poor fellow making good our statement of the nearly universal truth. When financial loss comes to one, sympathy is only a hollow mockery, unless it be accompanied by the dollar to partially at least make good the financial loss. But to put one's hand in his pocket and to

open his purse is the only sympathy that counts. We now have in mind an instance where one would be doing God's service were he to relieve anxiety and distress by reason of a more than possible future, by the assurance we'll stand by you so long as we have a dollar, if the worst shall come to you. But no, not this; but, instead, we all plausibly exclaim, "You have my sympathy."

### A TRIUMPHANT VICTORY.

That is a triumphant victory won by the people on Tuesday in New York city. All good citizens throughout the country, without regard to political preferences, will rejoice with exceeding joy that the Citizens' ticket in the great metropolis has succeeded in winning such majorities that tell for all that is right and true.

Partisan politics have had nothing to do in the candidacy of and election to the mayoralty of New York city of Seth Low. New York city has been redeemed, not through her politicians, but through the grand and determined uprising of her people. Crokerism had become a stench in the nostrils of all decent people, and so the cry for municipal reform went forth, and the people of the great city have in a manly, magnificent way responded. With that clean man, Seth Low, as mayor and with Jerome in the district attorney's office, and with the other departments of the metropolis headed by men of known ability and honesty, there will come to New York a new birth and a new life. Not only must Devery go, but the whole police department will be made over anew. The entire official school life of the city as it now exists will be cleaned out and a new beginning made in the school management of the city. The entire country from California to Maine has been deeply interested in the election that has made Seth Low, the chief executive of the Greater New York, and now all good citizens are rejoicing over his substantial majority. Croker may as well pack his grip and betake himself to his retreat on the other side of the waters. It is to be regretted that so good and worthy a man as Shepard should have allowed himself to be sacrificed in the hope of saving Tammany. But Tammany was so far gone that salt couldn't save the putrid organization. Shepard is a worthy man beyond question, but in this instance he has represented, as Mark Twain put it, "the good end of a rotten banana," and as the banana couldn't be saved, Shepard had to go under with Tammany. The Enterprise is glad that New York city has been saved to her people and by her people. Now will vice hide itself, while the virtues in all righteous municipal administration of New York become again enthroned.

### A WORD WITH YOU, BOYS.

We want a word with you, boys, and with you, girls, too—we mean those of you who are pupils in the Arlington public schools. First of all, we need not assure you that we have great faith in the young folks. The future is in their hands. If the world is to be made better, it must be made so through the boys and girls of today, and this is just why we ask for a little chat with you this morning. We have been and are now a good deal in sympathy with the athletic sports in which the boys of the public schools engage so heartily. We believe in kicking the foot-ball with the greatest possible vim, and making the greatest possible score—and we believe as well in basket-ball for the girls. Any legitimate amusement which has for its object the full development of these bodies of ours is to be commended and encouraged. But along with these amusements, why should it not be well for you boys and girls in our Arlington schools to band together now that the long winter evenings are so nearly upon us, and so organize yourselves into a literary society or lyceum, meeting once a week for the purpose of essay writing, declamation, and the discussion of local or current questions of interest? The public speaker can only be made by constant and studious practice, and this is why we believe in the Friday afternoon of the olden time, for declamation and original essays. But to return to the lyceum. How vividly we now recall that lyceum on the "Hill," so many years ago, when the pupils of the high school discussed with so much interest questions of importance, and when the girls read original papers upon a variety of subjects. The pupils of that high school which we now have in mind eagerly anticipated the meeting of that weekly lyceum—and out from that weekly organization there went a governor, mayors of three of our most prominent New England cities, lawyers who have become eminent in their profession, physicians who well understand the art of healing, and many distinguished teachers and clergymen. And from it there went out into the world women, too, who became prominent in the world of letters. In our estimation, it is a misfortune that the lyceum has become an organization of the past, and equally it is a misfortune that the "declamation" and the "composition" are seldom or never had in our public schools. By this we mean the regular Wednesday or Friday afternoon set especially apart in our public schools for such rhetorical exercises. Now to you pupils in the public schools of Arlington we have this suggestion to make, namely: Early organize yourselves into a weekly literary society which shall meet one evening in each week for literary purposes. This arrangement will not interfere with your outdoor amusements, and why not begin right here at Arlington Centre in the high school and in the Russell school? Who of the pupils in the schools has a word to say about the suggestion we make? Let us know through the Enterprise what you think about it. The power to write well and to speak well can never be acquired without practice.

J. Howell Crosby, of Arlington, received in his town, Tuesday, 617 votes for representative, out of 621 votes cast, so that Mr. Crosby may consider himself, so far as Arlington is concerned, well-nigh unanimously re-elected to his present position in the Massachusetts legislature. At his home poll, Mr. Crosby led Governor Crane's vote by a hundred and one.

No one is surprised that Massachusetts still remains Republican in politics, though by a reduced majority. The real fight will be on next year when Quincy will either run for gubernatorial honors against Lieutenant-Governor Bates, or else for congressional fame against Curtis Guild, Jr., of Boston.

## ELECTRIC GAS ARLINGTON LOCALS.

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## ARLINGTON LOCALS.

George A. Sawyer, one of the carpenters on the Baptist church building, slipped and fell from the roof of the building, Monday forenoon, and most fortunately escaped a deadly injury. The accident happened in this way: As Mr. Sawyer was stepping from a lower stage to the highest on the roof, he slipped, and then, falling and tumbling a distance of 30 feet on the roof, he fell a distance of 20 feet from the roof to the ground. In his fall he struck a board and split it in two. Dr. Dennett was called, and found that Mr. Sawyer had broken one of the small bones of the right wrist. His escape without more serious injury was marvelous. Mr. Sawyer resides at 361 Massachusetts avenue.

The Bradshaw Missionary society gave an entertainment on Wednesday evening, in the vestry of the Pleasant Street Congregational church. A play was rendered, entitled the "Illustrated Magazine," much to the amusement of the large audience. An enjoyable reading was given by a lady from Hollis, N. H. Supper was prepared and served by Mrs. Samuel Farwell, Jr., Mrs. A. C. Cobb, Miss May Hardy, Mrs. Charles Dougherty, Mrs. Arthur Cook, Mrs. W. H. Cutler, Mrs. Walter Hilliard, Mrs. Frank Moss, Mrs. Arthur Moss and Mrs. Charles Swan.

Two slight fires, Tuesday afternoon, called out the Arlington fire department. The first fire occurred at 4 p.m., Tuesday, and was occasioned by the burning of leaves back of Omar Whittemore's residence, on Water street. The burning leaves made their way to an old shed and it caught fire. But little damage was done. The second fire was at Arlington Heights, near Gilboa rock. This fire was from burning leaves and underbrush. Both fires were quickly subdued by the fire ladders.

The remains of James M. Thaxter, formerly a resident of this town for years, who died at South Framingham, last Sunday, were brought to Arlington Tuesday for burial. The interment being at Mt. Pleasant cemetery. He was for many years the pastor of the Russell school and was prominently identified with Hiram lodge of Masons. A delegation of past officers of the lodge escorted the body on its arrival here.

Mrs. M. J. Adam, of 355 Massachusetts avenue, has returned from a visit in Philadelphia.

Miss Laura A. Whitney, one of Arlington's trained nurses, has moved to 15 Mastic street.

Judge William E. Parmenter, 85 years of age, Joshua O. Dodge, 83 years old, and William Smith, Arlington Heights, 82 years old, all voted early on Tuesday.

The next meeting of the Arlington Equal Suffrage league will be held in Pleasant hall, Maple street, Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. This is to be an open meeting and a large gathering of those interested is hoped for. The league is to be congratulated upon the fact that John R. Anderson will talk to them on that evening. Mr. Anderson is well known through his connection with the Boston Floating hospital; he is an ardent suffragist and all will be glad to hear his reasons. There will be light refreshments, a few stereopticon views and an opportunity for sociability. All interested or willing to become so are cordially invited and welcome.

At the meeting of Court Pride, of Arlington, P. A., Monday evening, all candidates were initiated and twelve propositions for membership were received. Chief Ranger Daniel M. Hooley, in behalf of the court, presented the sold and watch charm which was offered by the court as a prize in the ticket selling contest to Michael J. Galvin, who was an easy winner. The recipient responded in a clever manner and was given an ovation.

Fred Damon, Joseph Ronco and Fred Wheeler have gone to Dead River, Me., for a two weeks' hunting trip.

The N. E. Tel. & Tel. Co. gave all the subscribers free news service election night, and although the news which kept coming was not very exciting, for which the company was not responsible, the subscribers kept on the lines until every place had been heard from.

Announcement of the approaching marriage of Miss Rebecca Jones to George Livermore Flske has been made. The ceremony will be at St. John's church, Wednesday evening, Nov. 20.

Charles T. Clark, recently the keeper of the Spy Pond house, who was fined, some months ago, in one of the lower courts, fifty dollars for unlawfully selling intoxicating liquors, and at the time appealed his case, on Tuesday morning withdrew his appeal and paid his fine of \$50.

Mr. and Mrs. John Jarvis, of New York city, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Swan, at their home on Pleasant street.

School Superintendent Sutcliffe was in attendance on Friday on the 5th meeting of the Massachusetts Superintendents' association, held in the Art Museum building in Springfield.

S. A. Smith is putting on a pleasant and convenient addition to his house on academy street. The addition enlarges the sitting room on the southwest by 12 feet, and it enlarges the room above by the same number of feet. There are to be nine windows in each of the rear-elled rooms. Mr. Smith believes in catching and appropriating the sunshine.

Ex-Town Clerk B. Delmont Locke is very materially improved mentally, and is better physically. The many friends of Mr. Locke will be glad to learn of his improved condition.

Mrs. Charles Hill, 160 Pleasant street, is to have her home with her daughter, Mrs. John Gray, 139 Pleasant street.

Mary Parker, Bartlett avenue, gave a birthday party, Tuesday afternoon, to her schoolmates in Miss Ethel Wellington's room.

It is reported on all sides that there is a growing interest in the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Gill, pastor of the Unitarian church. The audiences have substantially increased, of late, and pews have found a ready rental. Mr. Gill's large Bible class is one of unusual interest. Mr. Gill is one of the most scholarly men of his denomination and is so regarded by the Unitarian church throughout Massachusetts.

A reporter of the Enterprise called on Edward T. Hornblower, on Academy street, Tuesday, to find him still confined to his room by reason of the fall he had two weeks ago.

Miss Carrie L. Turnbull, the efficient clerk in the Arlington news rooms of which Frank P. Dyer is manager, is taking a week's vacation, and it is well earned. Miss Turnbull has been associated with the Arlington News Co. for the past five years, and she has proved herself no small factor in its success. Always at her post of duty, she invariably meets in pleasant way the many patrons of the company. All the friends of Miss Turnbull are wishing her a week of restful enjoyment.

A reporter of the Enterprise called at the Misses Wellington's school on Maple street, Wednesday morning. He found a pleasant group of 55 children with a full corps of teachers. Miss Helen Damon has now the room formerly taught by her sister, Miss Agnes, now Mrs. Arthur Wellington. Arlington has much reason to feel proud of its kindergarten school.

A character party under the auspices of St. Agnes' parish will be given in town hall, Friday evening, Nov. 2.

There is now on exhibition in the trustees' room in Robbins library a series of pictures representing scenes along the Denver & Rio Grande R. R. These scenes or photographs are twelve in number: Cathedral spires; Garden of the Gods; Monument; Pike's peak; Royal gorge; Grand Canon of the Arkansas; first tunnel, canon of Grand river; second tunnel; walls of Grand river; Echo cliffs, canon of Grand river; Curran's needle, Black canon of the Gunnison; Lake San Cristoval; canon of the Rio las Animas. These photographs are loaned the Art Library club, of Boston, and as this club is a member of the several libraries about Boston, the home or Boston club loans from time to time pictures or photographs, which are put on exhibition. Robbins library belongs to the Art Library club. The pictures now on exhibition are well worth seeing. The public is invited to examine them.

Electric Work of Every Description.  
 Lights, Bells, Gas Lighting, Burglar Alarms,  
 etc. Repairing Promptly Attended To.

## Electrician,

Office, Wetherbee Bros., 480 Mass. Ave., Arlington.  
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Price . . .  
 is not the only consideration when ordering printing

Quality . . .  
 is also of some importance, but this is not all

Style . . .  
 is an intangible something, the lack of which often defeats the purpose of the customer

Our Work . . .  
 has not only the quality but the style that makes it valuable and keeps it out of the waste basket.

Calendars for 1902.  
 We are showing the finest line of calendars ever exhibited in town and can make it an object for the local business men to obtain them right at home. Call and see them, or let us come and show them to you at your convenience. We are booking orders now for December delivery.

**ENTERPRISE PRINT**  
 Room 38, P. O. Building, Arlington

CALL AT THE  
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**Quick Lunch.**

Confectionery,  
 Tobacco, Cigars, etc.

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For the Best of Cutlery  
 and Specialties in  
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 go to

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 60 SUMMER STREET,  
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An Up-to-date Hardware Store.

All Mechanics' Tools  
 of the Best Makers  
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**H. P. LONGLEY,**  
**QUICK LUNCH,**

Confectionery, Cigars, Tobacco,  
 Tonics, Soda, Fruit.

**BOSTON ELEVATED WAITING ROOM,**  
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**Dr. G. W. Yale,**  
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At parlors, 14-16 Post-office Building,  
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 Engraving.

Small Metal Signs, Door Plates, and Numbers.  
 Signs Repolished and Re-filled.  
 Mail Orders Promptly Attended To.

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TO LET.  
 HOUSE OF SIX ROOMS, hot and cold water and bath, furnace heat and gas. Apply at 38 Mystic street.

## CHRYSANTEMUMS

Now in Bloom in Pots and Cut Flowers.

CARNATIONS, FERNS,  
 PALMS, AURICARIAS.

Funeral Designs a Specialty.

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Corner Medford and  
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Piano and Furniture Moving a specialty.

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We make two trips to Boston daily, first at 8.30. First team due from Boston at 1.30.

Boston Offices—36 Court Sq., 48 Chatham St., 17 Kingston St., order box, Faneuil Hall Market.

Arlington Offices—Cushing's Store at Heights Town Hall, corner Henderson Street, and McRow's store.







## Madeleine's Love

HOW IT WAS THWARTED BY A VILLAIN.

Perhaps I ought not to tell this story, for it redounds little to the credit of man's sex. However, it is a good story all the same, so here it is:

The chief events occurred at Mme. Rousselin's country house, near La Rochebillere, in a wild, densely wooded country where hunting is the chief amusement of the inhabitants. The house is one of the best I know, and Mme. Rousselin had added to its attractions by taking her young niece Madeleine, who had just lost her parents, to live with her. Madeleine had no fortune, but she was divinely pretty. She had those soft, mild eyes that go straight to your heart, and the most charming and indescribable air of delicacy, refinement and affectionateness. She was, indeed, by far too tempting a morsel to put under the very claws, so to speak, of that scoundrel Louis, Mme. Rousselin's son, who had developed from an incorrigible spoiled child into a man of rough manners and violent emotions, as a result of his life in the woods and his constant association with bores. Although he was far too stupid to appreciate Madeleine as she deserved, he was yet strongly attracted by her beauty.

The girl's frank contempt and dislike made him furious, and before long he became jealous as well. For, though Madeleine had no feeling but aversion for her blackguard of a cousin, she did not extend that sentiment to men in general. Certainly not to one man in particular, Edmond Renaud.

Edmond was a handsome youth and fully capable of appreciating Madeleine's character as well as her beauty. So, when he came home after completing his legal studies in Paris, he fell in love with her at once. At church he never took his eyes off her face, and on week days he hunted the vicinity of the Rousselin house in the hope of getting a stolen glimpse of her beautiful features. He was very happy in this unrequited love, the more so that Madeleine's conscious look, blushes and air of embarrassment plainly told him that his feeling was returned.

He was emboldened to make a formal proposition of marriage. This was promptly rejected by Mme. Rousselin, and Edmond's parents also had objections to offer on account of Madeleine's lack of fortune. Mme. Rousselin gave her niece's youth as the ground of her refusal, but in reality she was obeying the suggestion of her son, whom Madeleine's obvious attachment to his rival had made more furious than ever.

And now the story becomes dramatic. Edmond remained in the country during half of the winter, his love only increased by obstacles, until he was forced to choose between two plans submitted to him by his father. He must either return to Paris or accept a colonial post which was offered to him. At all events, he must leave the spot, and forthwith.

Madeleine on her return from church one Sunday found a note in her muff. There were only a few passionate lines, in which Edmond assured her of his love and begged for a meeting in which she could tell him whether it was returned or not. If she loved him, he would wait for her; if not, he would expatriate himself, efface himself forever. But he must have an answer, if only a word. He would steal into her garden that evening, conceal himself behind the big snowman which the gardener's sons had erected, and there wait patiently for her—for hours, if necessary. If she did not come at all, it would mean "no," and he would go.

He carried out his programme, but the snowman did not conceal him from the sharp eyes of a servant, who reported the matter to Louis Rousselin.

"Hiding, you say?" Louis asked. "Yes, sir; behind the snowman, like his shadow, opposite the house, which he is watching as if expecting some one. At first I thought he was a thief, but on coming nearer I recognized him. What shall I do?"

"Nothing. You may go." "Ah, my fine fellow," Louis said to himself, "so you come and put yourself in my hands, do you?"

Rousselin was on very good terms with himself that evening. A successful boar hunt and an excellent luncheon had conspired to make him more animated than usual. There was a wicked light in his eyes, the reflection of a diabolical thought that had crossed his brain. He went up stairs, musing. At the first landing he stopped and stood watching the door of Madeleine's room. He suspected that she knew who was hiding behind the snowman.

Assuming a careless air and whistling, he approached a collection of weapons hanging on the wall and took down a gun. He was trying the lock when Madeleine appeared.

"Beastly weather for a walk, Madeleine," he said. Madeleine stopped in confusion. After a long conflict with herself her tender compassion for Edmond, combined with the fear of losing him forever, had decided her to go to the rendezvous, and now she found herself confronted by her detested cousin.

"You had better take a wrap, if you must go," sneered Louis; "overcoats, too, would not be amiss for a tramp in the snow."

"What makes you think I am going out?" "The bright gleam in your pretty eyes, the rich color of your cheeks and the violent beating of your heart—I can almost hear it. But you will be very foolish to run the risk of taking cold in the off chance of finding a lover out there in the snow. It is too cold a night for lovers; they would be chilled. You won't find any, take my word for it."

Rousselin, who was getting a good deal of enjoyment out of his cousin's embarrassment and mortification, threw open a window which overlooked the snowclad garden.

"There is nobody," he said, "absolutely nobody—except the snowman. He isn't in love with you, is he? What a splendid target he would make, with the light from the window falling on him and everything else black!"

He played with his gun, slyly watching and enjoying the look of terror that overspread Madeleine's face.

"That fellow has been an eyesore too long," he added. "I think I will put a bullet through him. Bet you I hit him in the head at the first shot!"

"Louis, do not shoot, I beg of you," Madeleine cried impulsively.

"Why not? Just for the fun of the thing!"

Poor Madeleine could scarcely speak distinctly in her excitement and despair. "The noise," she stammered. "The report—so late in the evening. It might frighten some one."

"Whom? My mother will not hear it, and you are forewarned. Are you afraid of scaring the servants?" "Please, Louis, I beseech you!" "Bah! All this fuss about not even a sparrow—only a snowman!"

"But if—by chance—there should be some one—"

"In the garden, at this hour? A thief, perhaps? All the better. It will be killing two birds with one stone. However, I can point a gun, I hope, and I intend to hit the snowman alone—right in the heart. Here goes!"

She sprang forward and grasped the gun, exclaiming:

"No, no; you shall not shoot!"

"Then there is some one there?"

"Yes."

"Your lover?"

"I—I do not know," Madeleine retreated in confusion, dreadfully shamed by the confession that had been wrung from her, but thinking, in her ignorance of the workings of Rousselin's mind, that now all danger was passed.

Meanwhile Rousselin stood nervously fingering his weapon, with his face distorted with rage, until another atrocious thought came to him and made him laugh aloud.

"A fine arrangement, truly, and a pretty confession!" he sneered. "Madeleine has lovers who come prowling about my house at night. That is only an additional reason why I should exercise my rights. If I should wing this lover of yours, what complaint could he make against me? But, pshaw, it is only a fancy of yours! There is nobody behind the snowman."

"There is."

"Edmond?"

"Yes."

Rousselin laughed no longer, and the girl made no further attempt at concealment.

"Well," he said, "I give you your choice." "How?" "Either you swear to marry me—" "Oh!"

"Or I fire."

"This brutal threat so shocked and overwhelmed Madeleine that she could find no answer but a sob."

"Or I fire, I say!"

"Oh! Then—well—yes!"

Rousselin closed the window.

"Do not cry," he said. "We shall get on well together, I have no doubt. It is something, you must remember, to be Mme. Rousselin."

That great honor, however, won by so painful a sacrifice, Madeleine was destined never to enjoy. Edmond, convinced of her indifference and ignorant of the facts in the case, left the country on the following day, and Rousselin, after enjoying several weeks of hateful triumph, suddenly changed his mind. His cupidity was inflamed by the financial charms of an heiress whom his mother had discovered, and he coolly left Madeleine to nurse in secret her poor little aching heart—lacerated cruelly, wantonly, uselessly.

It happens that way in love now and then.—Translated from the French in the New York Evening Post.

### Immortal Raphael.

Raphael, the artist, was so conscientious in everything he did that he could not be induced to do anything half way, even for temporary use. His famous "Sistine Madonna," which has been the admiration of the world and which the great art critics have classed among the few marvelous pictures in existence, was painted for temporary use—for a banner to be carried at the head of a procession. Millions of dollars would not buy this banner today, because Raphael put the best of genius into it; he put immortality into it, because he painted it just as well as he knew how, even though it was for temporary use.

And today in Rome, even in the corners of the Vatican, high up on the ceiling where no one is supposed to ever look for its existence, the traveler finds the same exquisite touch, the same perfection of finish as in his great masterpieces. Everything Raphael did he did for immortality. Half done work cannot be found in any of his pictures. It would take many millions of dollars to buy his works today, not only because he transferred his genius to the canvas in a masterly way, but because the minutest detail is finished with the same exquisite pains as attended the chief figures.

### The Original Santa Claus.

St. Nicholas, the patron saint of children, was bishop of Myra and died about A. D. 326. He was fond of children and young people, and many charitable deeds in their behalf are recorded of him. He is the recognized patron of the Christmas season, but Santa Claus, or Knecht Ruprecht, is a product of Germany, where it was formerly the custom for the parents of a village to put all the gifts designed for their children into the hands of a man who, disguised in long robes, a mask and a monstrous wig, went from house to house, rapped, was admitted, and severely questioned the parents as to the behavior of the little ones during the past year, judiciously leading the questioning up to a point where the intended present could be appropriately introduced. The fiction of his descent through the chimney accounted for his absence when the annual round of this masked personage ceased to be made.

### Life's Contrasts.

According to Noah Brooks, in his volume "Washington in Lincoln's Time," "it was natural, but to a lover of Lincoln almost surprising, that while the lifeless form of the martyr was being borne home to Illinois the newly installed president, Andrew Johnson, was surrounded, courted and flattered by eager crowds of courtiers and office seekers in Washington. Multitudes from every part of the country rushed upon Washington, some with windy and turgid addresses to the new president and many more with applications for official favor. To a thoughtful man this exhibition was disgusting beyond description."

### Birds of Iceland.

The bird fauna of Iceland is credited by Henry M. Slater with 103 species. Of these three are residents, twenty-seven summer migrants, twenty-one occasional visitors and eighteen rare stragglers. The land birds are few, including only seven residents and five that come in summer to breed, but the most interesting birds now probably are the northern wren, the great northern dove and the Iceland falcon. Singing birds are few. There are sixteen species of ducks and geese and seven birds of prey, but the rock ptarmigan is the only game bird.

## LOCKED IN HIS CELLAR.

Arlington Man in Durance Vile Bays at the Moon and Neighbors.

When a certain Arlington commercial traveler goes into his cellar to have a quiet smoke of a Sunday morning in the future, it is likely he will hang a sign on the door which will tell of his whereabouts else he will remove the lock. His failure to do either of these things resulted in his losing his temper last Sunday morning while the others of the family were at church. In fact he had it not been for the assistance of a neighbor it is believed he would have used more swear words than could be atoned for by church attendance for a year. The way of it all was this:

Mr. H. arose late Sunday morning, and after breakfast betwined himself of his briarwood dudded and his pouch of nicotine mixture, which having been secured, he wended his way quietly down into the smoking parlor, namely the cellar. The Sunday papers were read and the fumes of tobacco smoke filled the room, but the commercial traveler heeded not the click in the door of the cellar which was the unconscious snapping of the lock by one of the members of the family. After a while Mr. H. thought it time to go upstairs and be sociable, so extinguishing the sparks in the dudded ascended the stairs. He tried the door but it would not open, and Mr. H. discovered he was a prisoner. Calls for help were of no avail, for the family was reverently sitting in the family parlor at church, thinking of higher things than the man on the cellar stairs. Mr. H. fumed and stormed, but for a time he could only hear the echo of his voice which seemed to say "Go away back and sit down."

After what seemed to him to be an hour of torture, he could detect a feminine voice from behind the cellar partition and he confided his secret to the voice. The Sunday papers were read and the fumes of the house, and although they had never been introduced the neighbor was enabled to gain an entrance and unfetter the aggravated bolt. When the family came home, well, it is a case of supposition what was said, but it perhaps can be imagined.

## CALL 'EM UP.

Telephone Directory of Live Business Houses, Which Advertise in the Enterprise.

Below will be found a list of the Enterprise advertisers whose places of business or residences have a telephone connection. The list is published for the convenience of the Enterprise readers, who may desire to communicate with these establishments.

Lucius A. Austin, Lexington 14-1.  
Arlington House, Arlington 156-2.  
Arlington Insurance Agency, Arl. 303-4.  
Beimont Coal Co., Arl. 36-4.  
A. L. Bacon, 123-3.  
Henry W. Beal, Arl. 141-3; Boston office, Main 1686.  
A. E. Cotton, Arl. 238-4.  
David Clark, Arl. 59-3.  
Charles G. Gault, 835 house, Arl. 88-2.  
H. H. Gannett, Main 356-3.  
N. J. Hardy, Arl. 8-2; house, Arl. 112-2.  
James O. Holt, grocer, Arl. 137-2.  
James O. Holt, provision dealer, Arl. 137-2.  
W. K. Hutchinson, Arl. 339-3 or 149-3; Heights branch, Arl. 321-5; house, Arl. 323-3.  
J. Henry Hartwell, Arl. 127-4; house, Arl. 104-4.  
H. B. Johnson, Arl. 124-2.  
Johnson's Arlington Express, Arl. 123-3.  
Litchfield's Studio, 307-3.  
George A. Law, Arl. 73-1.  
Lexington Lumber Co., Lex. 48.  
John J. Leary, Arl. 4-2.  
R. W. Le Baron, Arl. 79-2.  
Lexington Grain Mills, Lex. 34-3; house, 31-3.  
A. S. Mitchell, Main 1509.  
Perham's Pharmacy, 115-3; pay station, 21-350; house, 323-6.  
W. W. Robertson, Arl. 128-4.  
E. Price, Arl. 88-2.  
Peirce & Winn, Arl. 2-2.  
Dr. Ring's Sanatorium, Arl. 205-2.  
W. W. Rawson, Arl. 15-3; house, Arl. 15-2; Boston office, Main 2346.  
George W. Sampson, Lex. 24-2; house, Lex. 61-7.  
C. H. Stone, Arl. 121-4.  
W. P. Schwamb & Bro., Arl. 111-3.  
Simpson Bros., Main 1155.  
H. T. Welch & Son, pay station, 2133.  
Wood Bros.' Express, Arl. 242-7.  
John G. Waage, Arl. 149-4.  
C. T. West, undertaker, Lex. 25-4; house, 31-2.  
Wetherbee Bros., Arl. 140-4.  
E. E. Wheeler, Lex. 61-4.

## F. R. DANIELS,

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Hats, Caps, Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, Periodicals, Cigars & Tobacco.

For Candies, Fruit, Cold Sodas,

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ARLINGTON HARNESS CO.

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Ladies' Queen Quality Shoes, the Best \$3.00 Ladies' Shoe made. Children's School Shoes a specialty. Men's Fine Shoes in full stock. Headquarters for Men's Gloves, etc., etc.

BANK BUILDING, ARLINGTON

## SEARCHING FOR OIL.

PERSEVERANCE OF THE MAN WHO SET TO WORK TO FIND IT.

Edward L. Drake and His First Well in Pennsylvania—Reduced at One Time by His Experiments to Absolute Poverty.

Edward L. Drake was a man of one idea, but he managed to use it to such advantage that he added \$2,000,000,000 to the industrial wealth of the United States. He was the man who drilled the first oil well in Pennsylvania. A handsome tomb in Woodlawn cemetery in Titusville is the final resting place of the remains of Colonel Drake.

The actual story of the first oil well has never, in my opinion, been told.

Fragments of the truth have been given, with additions of more or less romantic error, and there have been many stories published which have been entirely false. I have endeavored in this article to relate only facts which can be vouched for, and in the task of digging them up I am indebted to J. A. Mather and M. N. Allen of Titusville for much valuable assistance.

One bright spring morning in the year 1857 a tall, dark bearded man wearing the uniform of a railway conductor appeared at the office of Eyleth & Bissell at New Haven and purchased 500 shares of stock in a newly organized company having for its object the gathering and sale of oil in western Pennsylvania. Along the banks of Oil creek crude petroleum had been found, and the excitement was still high when the New Haven capitalists organized their company.

Rock oil, or coal oil, as it is sometimes erroneously called, was obtained from natural springs or from broad trenches dug in oil bearing soil. These trenches were from four to six feet deep and were allowed to fill with oil and water that seeped from the soil. The oil, being lighter than the water, rose to the top and was absorbed in woolen blankets especially made for the purpose, a practice borrowed from the Indians, who had long used petroleum as a liniment. Another process was known as "dipping." The oil and water were dipped from trenches into tubs, and when gravity had separated the two liquids the oil was skimmed off or else the water was drawn by means of a vent in the bottom of the tub.

Mr. Drake believed that if he could pierce the rock stratum that lay below the soil of the company's land oil would gush forth. He was firmly convinced that a subterranean lake of oil existed beneath the rockbed.

His conviction was based on study. Geological formations had ever proved fascinating to him, and he had spent much of his spare time when a farmer's helper in pursuing this line of inquiry. He was lacking in scientific training only.

Convincing the officers of the new oil company that there was "something" in his plan of boring for oil, he went to the district supplied with \$1,000 for experiments.

He ordered a steam engine and after much difficulty secured the services of an experienced salt well driller. The arrival of the engine was long delayed, and after waiting for several weeks the driller, believing that the colonel was a seer of visions, refused to have anything to do with the enterprise. Thus the summer wore away without any new developments. The company lost faith in Drake and his idea and refused to advance any more money.

Titusville people had begun to believe that Drake was a monomaniac. He seemed to live on his one idea. Boys in the street jeered him and men tapped their foreheads with their fingers as he passed.

Early in the winter his money gave out, and credit was refused him at the village shops. He faced absolute poverty and barely supported his family by doing odd jobs. He kept a strong heart, however, and his faith in the final outcome of his project remained unshaken.

Early in the spring of 1859 he succeeded in convincing two friends, R. D. Fletcher and Peter Wilson of Titusville, of the soundness of his idea, and they provided him with sufficient capital to renew his experiment.

He secured the services of William Smith and his two sons of Tarentum, who were practical salt well drillers. They brought with them a complete outfit of tools.

The soil along the banks of Oil creek was porous and water soaked, and as fast as the hole was made the soil crumbled, and the well filled with mud. No progress could be made. Although work was at a standstill for a number of days, Drake's ingenuity soon showed itself, and after many costly experiments he finally hit upon a plan to overcome the difficulty. He secured cast iron pipes six inches in diameter and endeavored to drive them into the ground. The pipes, being too light, were soon shattered by blows from a battering ram which he devised. There was another vexatious delay, and finally a thicker piping was secured in lengths of ten feet. These were readily driven into the soft earth, one pipe on top of another, until they came in contact with the rock. Drake had solved the problem.

On Thursday, Aug. 25, the drill began to pound through solid rock, and on the following Saturday it found its way into a crevice in the stratum, and the tools were withdrawn. Indications on the bit showed the presence of oil, but the well was not a "gusher," as Drake expected. Though disappointed, he waited a couple of hours for the well to flow. It was only sixty-nine feet deep. He intended to drill deeper. Smith lived in a shanty not far from the well, and early Sunday morning he went on an errand to the tool-house, near the derrick, when he beheld a sight that brought joy to his heart. The long sought for amber fluid was bubbling over the piping of the well, saturating the floor of the derrick and soaking into the ground. Crude petroleum was worth over a dollar a gallon at that time, and Smith was wild over the waste.—John McGraw, Jr., in Success.

### A Shakes Hint.

Landlady—Our Shakespeare club is to discuss the character of Cassius tonight. Boarder—Did you know Cassius? Landlady—What a question! Of course not. Boarder—I didn't know but he boarded here; he was lean and hungry, you know.—Brooklyn Life.

Men, as a class, eat too much meat and are prone to kidney troubles. Women eat too much starch and sweets, bread and butter and preserves, puddings, pies and cakes, which produce corpulency.—Ladies' Home Journal.

## A LITTLE FISH STORY.

The Trout That Was Frozen Solid For Eleven Years.

In 1873 I was residing at Junction City, a pretty little town located in a romantic spot on the banks of Mill creek in central Wisconsin. The country at that time was new, and fish and game were plentiful. Mill creek was at the time famous as a trout stream, it being no trouble at all to catch fifty pounds of speckled trout in a half day's fishing. On Feb. 15, 1873—I remember that date because it was my twenty-first birthday—I took down my rifle and struck out into the forest for the purpose of killing a deer. I had wandered along the banks of the stream for a distance of perhaps two miles when I ran on to an old hunter who had cut a hole in the ice, through which he was fishing for trout. He was meeting with great success, for scattered all around him could be seen the speckled beauties, where he had thrown them as he took them off his hook. I was invited to help myself, which invitation I cheerfully accepted, and I proceeded to put a number of the fish in my gamebag.

It was just 4:47 o'clock when I returned home that afternoon, tired and hungry, and after hanging up my rifle took one of the largest of the trout and placed it out in a large cold storage warehouse that stood near my house, intending to present it to Uncle Sam Carson for his breakfast the next morning. The fish was forgotten, and as a result, lay in that warehouse solidly frozen until June 10, 1884. Now comes the strange part of my story.

On the night of the date last mentioned, just about eleven years after this fish had been placed in the cold storage, the building was totally destroyed by fire. During the process of the fire the fire department, in the effort to save the property, had thrown sufficient water to fill up the cellar, which, by the way, was walled up in rock and cement and was therefore water tight. Three years later it was decided to rebuild the cold storage warehouse upon the site originally occupied, and men were set to work pumping the water out of the cellar, which the rains had kept well filled. To our amazement 447 fair sized speckled trout were taken out, besides the old one, which had evidently fallen into the cellar at the time the warehouse was destroyed, thawed out and spawned. The original trout was easily identified, one of its eyes having been accidentally knocked out and a part of its tail broken off before it was placed in the warehouse.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

### ANIMAL ODDITIES.

Mosquitoes and other gnats furnish almost the sole food for a very large family of insect-eating birds known as flycatchers.

Mosquitoes are not, as is popularly supposed, a hot climate insect. They are far more numerous in places where the winters are severe.

The age of fishes can be told by their scales. These show under the microscope stripes similar to the bands in the crosscut of a tree, which indicate the age of the fish.

Norwegian fishery commissioners have been measuring the salmon's leap by means of standards erected below waterfalls. They have found that the fish can leap to a height of twenty feet.

A horse owned in a Kentucky town has developed carnivorous inclinations. He rejoices in dining on spring chickens and recently ate fourteen for a square meal. He does not stop to remove the feathers.

There is a quaint little fish which haunts the weed tracts of the gulf stream and there builds its nest and lays its eggs like a bird rather than a fish. This animal, the antennarius, imitates in color the weed it lives in and, like the chameleon, constantly changes its color.

One kind of wasp found in Brazil and Guiana makes its nest of a brilliant white pasteboard, suspending it from the highest branches of the tree so as to escape the attention of the monkeys, which in those regions have a troublesome habit of investigating everything, even a hornet's nest.

### Advertising For a Mayor.

"I believe that the Americans will finally come to accept the German method of choosing mayors for their cities," said M. L. Leitz of Stuttgart to a reporter. "In our country," he continued, "when a city wants a mayor it advertises for one. It is not uncommon to find in the advertising columns of a Berlin newspaper such a notice as this: 'Wanted, a mayor for the city of Mannheim.'"

The mayor is employed the same as a pastor of a church or the president of a corporation. He follows the mayor's business from youth, just as an American would follow the iron or dry goods business. Such a man will generally begin as the executive of a small town. If he shows ability in cutting down the tax rate and at the same time improving the town, he will soon be called to a larger community. Thus such a man is advanced to places of high salary and honor as he shows ability and worth.—New York Tribune.

### Original Home of Golf.

The Scotsman contends that golf is a Scotch sport to which poetical reference was made in Adamson's "Muses Threnodie," published at Perth as long ago as 1638. The terms used in the sport are for the most part Scotch. But the Dutch assert that it was first played in Holland on the ice, and before 1638 the Dutch poet Bredero described how "the golfer, with ice spurs on, stands ready to smite with ashen club weighted with lead or his Scottish cleek of the leaded box." But while this may be the earliest poetical reference to the game, it does not show that Holland is the original home of golf. The reference to the "Scottish cleek" seems at first sight to point rather to Scotland.—Baltimore Sun.

### Big Visiting Cards.

In Korea visiting cards measuring a foot square are in vogue. The savages of Dahomey announce their visits to each other by sending in advance a wooden board or the branch of a tree artistically carved. When the visit is paid, the "card" returns to the possession of its owner, who probably uses it for many years. The natives of Sumatra use for a visiting card a piece of wood about a foot long decorated with a bunch of straw and a knife.

The Sydney lighthouse has the most powerful light of any. It is electric and of 150,000 candle power. It can be seen for fifty miles.

"It is better to give than to receive," said the street car conductor as he sized up the plugged nickel.—Philadelphia Record.

## RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

Boston Elevated Railway Co.

SURFACE LINES.

### TIME TABLE.

Subject to change without notice.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS TO BOWDOIN SQ.—(via Beacon st., Somerville), 4:30 a.m., and 10:30 a.m., SUNDAY, 7:02 a.m., and intervals of 20 and 30 minutes to 11:15 p.m. NIGHT SERVICE to Adams sq., 11:25, 12:07, 1:07, 1:57, 2:57, 3:57, 4:57, 5:57 a.m., Sunday) 11:15 p.m. (11:30 to Adams sq.)

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS TO SUBWAY.—6:01 a.m., and intervals of 8, 10, 15 and 20 minutes to 11:20 p.m. (11:30 to Adams sq.) SUNDAY—6:01, 6:



## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VI, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, NOV. 10.

Text of the Lesson, Ex. 1, 1-14—Memory Verses, 8, 9, 13—Golden Text, Ex. 11, 24—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1901, by American Press Association.]

1. "Now these are the names of the children of Israel which came into Egypt." He led them into Egypt, knowing that it would be for them a house of bondage, an iron furnace (Deut. iv, 20; vi, 12). He foresaw everything and told Abram that his seed should be afflicted in a strange land (Gen. xv, 13, 14) and that afterward He would bring them out with great substance. He permits His people to be tried that He may be glorified in them and that He may show His mighty power, that people may know the hand of the Lord that is mighty and may reverence Him (Joshua iv, 24; I Kings viii, 42, 43; II Kings xix, 19). The records of names throughout the Bible make us think of our Lord's words to the 70 in Luke x, 20, that they should rejoice rather than their names were written in heaven than in being able to work wonders. The Bible contains the names of bad as well as good people, but the Lamb's book of life has only the names of those redeemed by His blood (Rev. xxi, 27; xx, 15; xlii, 8). Happy are all who hear Him say: "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee. I have called thee by thy name. Thou art Mine" (Isa. xlii, 1).

2-4. These are the names of the 11 sons, besides Joseph, whom God gave to Jacob. The order in which these names are given varies greatly. Here the first six are Leah's sons, Benjamin with Joseph were given to Rachel. The last four were given to Bilhah and Zilpah, the maids of Rachel and Leah. We must recognize Israel everywhere in Scripture either as Jacob personally or the descendants of Jacob through these sons. No others have any right to the name. A very high honor yet awaits them, inasmuch as their names are to be written on the 12 gates of pearl of the New Jerusalem (Rev. xxi, 12, 21), not by virtue of any merit in them, but only by the blood of Christ, in whom alone is salvation. The significance of these names according to the margin of Gen. xxix and xxx is—Reuben, see a son; Simeon, hearing; Levi, joined; Judah, praise; Issachar, hire; Zebulun, dwelling; Benjamin, son of the right hand (xxv, 18); Dan, judging; Naphtali, wrestling; Gad, a troop; Asher, happy, which, paraphrased, might read, thinking of Christ and our relation to Him.

5. "Seventy souls." Compare Deut. x, 22; also Gen. xli, 26, 27, where Jacob and Joseph and his two sons, added to the 66, make up the 70. We are reminded of the 70 nations of Gen. x, among whom the earth was divided according to the number of the children of Israel (Deut. xxxii, 8), and also of the other 70 whom the Lord sent forth (Luke x, 1) into every city and place whither He would come. As Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and Joseph passed through trial and much patient waiting, so must all Israel, and so must every disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ.

6. "And Joseph died and all his brethren and all that generation." All who died as Joseph did, with a firm faith in God and reliance upon the great sacrifice for sin, gained by their dying, and a greater gain awaits them at the resurrection of the just (Phil. i, 21, 23; Luke xiv, 14; Rev. xx, 6). To the child of God absent from the body means present with the Lord, and there is no funeral or grave for the redeemed.

7. "And the children of Israel were fruitful and increased abundantly and multiplied and waxed exceeding mighty, and the land was filled with them." God had said to Jacob when he was leaving Canaan, "Fear not to go down to Egypt, for I will there make of thee a great nation" (Gen. xli, 8), and all His promises are sure, for He is the God of Truth or, literally, the God Amen (Isa. lvi, 16). The blessing of the Lord was upon them, and that was everything, for toil without that accomplishes nothing, but that without toil maketh rich indeed (Prov. x, 22, R. V.).

8-11. "Now there arose up a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph." Neither did he know the Lord of Joseph, for he talked about dealing wisely with Israel so that they might not multiply, and he did his best, by taskmasters who afflicted them with heavy burdens, to keep them from multiplying, but the counsel of the Lord standeth forever, the thoughts of His heart to all generations. The Lord bringeth the counsel of the heathen to naught. He maketh the devices of the people of none effect (Ps. xxxiii, 10, 11).

12. "But the more they afflicted them the more they multiplied and grew, and they were grievously afflicted by the children of Israel." Every purpose of the Lord shall be performed, and He says, "I will work, and who shall let or hinder it?" (Jer. li, 29; Isa. xliii, 13). The Lord of Hosts hath sworn, saying, Surely as I have thought so shall it come to pass, and as I have purposed so shall it stand (Isa. lv, 24). The enemies of God may associate themselves and gird themselves and take counsel together, but it shall come to naught, and they shall be broken in pieces (Isa. viii, 10).

13, 14. Made a savage with rigor, made bitter with hard bondage—these are statements concerning the life which the Egyptians caused the Israelites to live, yet under a life like that they prospered, for God was with them. True prosperity does not consist of freedom from trial, but of God's presence and blessing in the trial. David, persecuted and fleeing for his life from Saul, was truly prosperous, but Saul was not. Daniel and his friends prospered in the lions' den and in the fiery furnace, but their enemies did not prosper. However severe our trials may be, there hath no trial taken us but that which is common to man, and God is faithful, who will not suffer us to be tried above that we are able, but will with the trial make a way of escape that we may be able to bear it (I Cor. x, 13). Those who are not the children of God often prosper in this world and have comparatively few trials. "These are the ungodly who prosper in the world. They increase in riches; they are not in trouble as other men; neither are they plagued like other men" (Ps. lxxiii, 5, 12). When we turn our backs on the prince of this world, then he will seek to make us know his hatred, and we shall find the contention with the world, the flesh and the devil often very severe. It will seem a hard bondage, and our lives may be made very bitter, but He will deliver in His time and meanwhile give us grace in

## LEXINGTON CHURCHES, SOCIETIES, ETC.

CHURCH OF OUR REDEEMER.

Episcopal.

Services—Sunday, preaching 11 a.m.; Sunday school, 9.45 a.m.; holy communion first and third Sundays of each month. FIRST PARISH UNITARIAN CHURCH. Rev. Carleton A. Staples, pastor, residence Massachusetts avenue, near Elm avenue. Services—Sunday, preaching 10.30 a.m.; Sunday school 12 m. Sewing circle every other Thursday. Young People's guild every Sunday evening in the vestry at 7 p.m.

FOLLEN UNITARIAN CHURCH. Massachusetts Avenue, near Pleasant, Massachusetts. W. E. C. Cochran, residence Locust avenue, East Lexington. Services—Sunday, 10.45 a.m., 7 p.m.; Sunday school, 12.00 m. Follen Alliance, fortnightly, Thursdays, at 2 p.m. Follen Guild meets 6.30 p.m., Sunday. Lend-a-Hand club and Little Helpers.

HANCOCK CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH. Massachusetts Avenue, opposite the Common. Rev. Charles F. Carter, pastor, residence Hancock street. Services—Sunday, 10.30 a.m., 7 p.m.; Sunday school 12 m. Week days, Y. P. S. C. E. Monday evening; prayer, Thursday, 7.45 p.m.

LEXINGTON BAPTIST CHURCH. Massachusetts Ave., near Wallis Place. Rev. J. H. Cox, pastor, residence Waltham. Services—Sunday, preaching, 10.30 a.m., 7 p.m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; Tuesday, 7.45 p.m. Y. P. S. C. E.; Friday, 7.45 p.m., prayer meeting. Branch, Emerson Hall, East Lexington. Services—Sunday, 3 p.m.; Sunday school, 4 p.m.; Thursday evening, 7.45, prayer meeting.

ST. BRIDGET'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH. Massachusetts Ave., near Elm Ave. Rev. P. J. Kavanagh, pastor, residence next to the church. Services—Alternate Sundays at 9 and 10.30 a.m.; vespers 4 p.m., every Sunday; Weekdays, mass at 8 a.m.

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS. Simon Robinson Lodge. Meets at Masonic hall, Town Hall building, second Monday of each month at 7.30 p.m.

ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN. Meets in A. O. U. W. hall, Hancock street, corner Bedford street, second and fourth Tuesday evenings in each month.

IMPROVED ORDER OF HEPTA-SOPHS. Lexington Conclave. Meets at A. O. U. W. hall, second and fourth Wednesday evenings.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC. George G. Meade Post 119. Meets in Grand Army hall third Thursday of each month.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS. Council No. 94. Meets in Lexington hall, Hunt block, Massachusetts avenue, first and third Tuesdays of each month.

LEXINGTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY. Meets in Corey hall second Tuesday evenings of winter months. Readings of the LEND-A-HAND OF THE UNITARIAN CHURCH.

Meets second Tuesday in each month at 3 p.m., in the church vestry.

ART CLUB. Meetings held Monday afternoons at members' residences, from November 1st to May 1st.

EAST LEXINGTON FINANCE CLUB. Meets first Monday each month at Stone building, East Lexington.

LEXINGTON MONDAY CLUB. Meets in winter every week at homes of members. Membership limited to 16.

SHAKESPEARE CLUB. Meetings held Monday evenings, at members' residences, from October 15 to May 15.

THE TOURIST CLUB. Meetings held at members' houses, Monday, 2.30 p.m.

LEXINGTON FIRE ALARM. LOCATION OF BOXES.

46 cor. Pleasant and Watertown streets.  
47 cor. Pleasant and Middle streets.  
48 cor. Lincoln and School streets.  
49 cor. Clark and Forest streets.  
50 cor. Mass. avenue and Cedar street.  
51 Bedford street—No. Lexington depot.  
52 Bedford street—No. R. R. station.  
53 cor. Hancock and Adams streets.  
54 cor. Ash and Reed streets.  
55 cor. Woburn and Vine streets.  
56 cor. Woburn and Lowell streets.  
57 Lowell street near Arlington line.  
58 Warren st. opp. Mrs. W. R. Monroe's.  
59 cor. Mass. avenue and Woburn street.  
60 cor. Bloomfield and Eustice streets.  
61 Mass. avenue and Ferry road.  
62 Mass. avenue opp. Village hall.  
63 Mass. avenue and Pleasant street.  
64 Mass. avenue opp. E. Lexington depot.  
65 Mass. avenue and Sylvia streets.  
66 Bedford street near Elm street.  
67 Centre Engine House.  
68 cor. Grant and Sherman streets.  
69 cor. Merriam and Oakland streets.  
70 Hancock street near Hancock avenue.  
71 cor. Mass. and Elm avenues.  
72 Chandler street opp. J. P. Prince's.  
73 Mass. avenue near town hall.

PRIVATE BOXES.  
221 Morrill estate, Lowell street.  
561 Carhouse, Bedford st., No. Lexington.

DEPARTMENT SIGNALS.  
Second alarm, repetition of first; general alarm, eleven blows; all out, two blows; brush fire, three blows followed by box number.

SPECIAL SIGNALS.  
Test signal, one blow at 12 m.; no school signal, three blows repeated three times; police call, five blows three times; special signal, 22 five times from electric light station.

LOCATION OF WHISTLES, ETC.  
Whistle at electric light station, bell on Follen church, East Lexington, tapper at residence of chief engineer, tapper at residence of first assistant engineer, tapper at residence of second assistant engineer, tapper at pumping station, tapper at residence of Wm. B. Foster, police, tapper at residence of C. H. Franks, police, tapper at centre engine house, tapper at East Lexington engine house, tapper at residence of James E. Shely.

INSTRUCTIONS.  
Before giving an alarm be sure a fire exists.  
Give the alarm at the nearest box.  
Pull the hook way down, only once, and let go.  
Never give an alarm for a fire seen at a distance.  
Wait at the box, if possible, and direct the firemen to the fire.

Never give a second alarm for the same fire; all second alarms are given by the engineers or other persons in authority.  
Never give an alarm for a brush fire unless buildings are in danger; but inform the engineers and they will take action to extinguish it.

Citizens are requested to inform themselves as to the location of keys. Signs over the boxes will give the necessary information.

CAUTION TO PERSONS HAVING KEYS.  
Never open boxes except to give an alarm.  
You cannot remove your key until an alarm is given, and it will then be returned to you.

Never allow the key out of your possession except to some responsible party, for the purpose of giving an alarm, and then see that it is returned.

If you remove from your place of residence or business, return the key to the chief engineer.

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JOHN GRANGER'S  
OPPORTUNITY

BY W. R. ROSE

Dunwood was not a promising field for an ambitious young pastor. It was an old town, conservative, dull, nonprogressive. It was a particularly unpromising field for John Granger, pastor of the duldest and most conservative congregation in all Dunwood. John Granger's hands were tied, so to speak. He knew what was expected of him, and he knew that he mustn't overstep the lines. Tradition and precedent governed his board of trustees. They had selected him because a safe man had recommended him, and John had gladly accepted the offer.

He had been the assistant of an aged pastor who had persisted in holding fast to all his privileges, keeping John carefully in the background. And John had come to Dunwood in the belief that here he would be his own master; that here he could cut loose and try his wings. Never was a man more mistaken.

"We might as well have a clear understanding at the start," Deacon Blodgett had said to him as they walked up from the railway station. "We are a quiet people, and we think our fathers' ways of doing things was just about as near right as they could be. We want straight gospel sermons on the good old texts, and we want 'em without frills. And we want 'em carefully prepared, too, and written out word for word, and read just as written. That's what we're payin' you seven hundred dollars a year to do, and that's what Dr. Skimmerhorn assured us you would do."

"And of course if I don't suit," said John, "you will drop me at once?"  
"But you will suit," said the deacon. "It would never do for you to have us drop you without a reference. You'll fall right into our ways soon enough. My uncle, Ichabod Rogardus, is commonly reckoned one of the most uplit' of all the preachers we've ever had. I've got a stack of his sermons at home, and I'll let you take some of 'em to look over for models, if you like."

It was a very dull position for a hopeful and energetic man of twenty-nine. Yet John held on. Perhaps he felt that it was a moral discipline that he needed. No doubt he realized that it was wrong to throw up one position until he was certain of another. Then, again, it is quite possible that the bright eyes of Mary Dillworth had something to do with his spirit of resignation.

Mary was a teacher in the town high school, and John boarded at her mother's home. Perhaps if the board of trustees knew how much of his time—that time for which they paid so liberally—was spent in Mary Dillworth's company they would have called him to account in short order. In short, it was Mary who finally reconciled him to his surroundings.

No doubt she soon began to realize this, and the thought worried her.  
"You mustn't let yourself vegetate here," she said to him one evening. "There's something in the atmosphere that acts like the fabled lotus and makes the Dunwoodite quite forget that there is an outside world. You mustn't breathe it too long."

"But I can't hold my breath much longer," said John. "I feel that I'm becoming a fixture here."

"This will never do," said Mary. "You are wanted and needed elsewhere. I'm sure of it."

"Alas," said John, with a little smile at her vehemence, "I'm afraid that those who want and need me will have difficulty in finding the talents that are hidden beneath the Dunwood bushel!"

Mary was silent for a moment.  
"I think I see a way to help things along," she presently said. "My father's first partner in business was Richard Carmody, the manufacturer. He is a leading member of one of the foremost of the city churches. He would gladly do me a favor, and I'm going to write and ask him to let you fill the pulpit there one Sunday. They have sent their old pastor abroad, and he may not return, and the pulpit is being supplied during the spring by such talent as can be secured here and there. I will write to Mr. Carmody at once, and you shall post the letter."

John's eyes sparkled.  
"Oh, that would be fine," he said. Then he hesitated. "But how can you explain your confidence in me?"

A little blush tinted Mary's rounded cheek.  
"I am not writing the letter in my own way," she laughingly said, "and the man who is to receive it is a friend who has known me since I was a very little girl. I am sure that he will be glad to trust me and favor me and ask no questions."

And John had watched her as she bent over her writing, her gentle eyes intent upon the work, and a new ambition crept into his heart—the ambition to prove worthy of this dear girl's trust and confidence.

So the letter was sent and in due time John received an invitation to fill the pulpit of the city church for a certain Sunday. The trustees had no objection to his going as long as he arranged to fill his place during his brief absence. They even felt a little flattered in their slow way at this mark of recognition from the city church.

"At the same time," said Deacon Blodgett, "it is an unusual thing for one of our pastors to go gallivanting round the country. And I should judge it might not be a safe thing, neither. It could happen that the congregation would take a fancy to the substitute and forget all about the regular."

But John laughingly said he'd take his chances on that for just this one time.

That evening he told Mary that he didn't intend to write out his city sermon. "I'm going to try my hand at the unnumbered style," he said. "It may mean a break-down, but I don't expect it."

"Good," said Mary. "Of course you will not break down, and too anxious to succeed to fear any such catastrophe. You are not only to please on your account, but at the same time you are going to prove the excellence of my judgment."

So John set forth on his brief pilgrimage and preached his sermon and did not break down. They were kind to him and said pleasant things to him, and Mr. Carmody was especially agreeable. And they all hoped to hear him again. So he came back quite elated and shared his elation with Mary, who shook her fair head in a manner that plainly indicated that she had said so all along.

It was the second week after John's return that a startling tragedy shocked the town. One of the oldest and most prominent citizens was killed in a brawl in the

disreputable section of the place familiarly known as the Inlet. He was not a man of the strictest morality. He had periods of overindulgence in intoxicants, and he had fallen in with the gang of rowdies who made the Inlet notorious. The assault on him, however, was entirely unprovoked, and this fact, together with his prominence, made the affair the greatest sensation of many years.

A memorial meeting was called by a number of citizens, headed by the editor of the leading local journal, and a programme of speakers was carefully arranged. The last speaker in the list was John Granger. He had been chosen because he represented a leading denomination and not through any belief that his eloquence would add to the success of the meeting.

The citizens assembled in the great warehouse of the agricultural works and long before the meeting opened the seats were filled and there were many standing. It was a rather long meeting and the great audience grew a little uneasy during the closing addresses. They were crowding about the doors when the chairman briefly introduced the Rev. John Granger.

John walked to the front of the platform and paused a moment before he commenced. He had no manuscript to restrain him, but he was full of his subject, and he knew just what he wanted to say.

His voice was calm and strong and at his first words the people who were pushing toward the doors paused. He was not repeating what had been said before. He made no allusion to the loss the town suffered by the demise of this liberal though at times misguided citizen. His address was a cry for the moral purification of the place. He called upon all good citizens to awake and join hands in this work. The pastors alone could do nothing. Prayers without practical effort availed nothing. The sore of vice was there and it must be removed by heroic treatment.

He had begun his address in a quiet tone, but presently he warmed to his subject and his voice grew louder and the words poured forth more rapidly.

He called upon the politicians to use their power to abolish the plague spot. He called upon the town officials, the servants of the people, to do their sworn duty. He called upon the press to agitate reform until the word rang in all men's ears. He asked good men and women of all denominations and creeds and race and color to come together shoulder to shoulder in this cause.

"Make this a subject of daily conversation," he cried to them. "Take it with you to your stores and your shops, carry it to the polls, mingle it with your prayers."

And when he suddenly flung up his hand it was as if he had a sheaf of invisible wires that led from his tense fingers to every heart in the vast audience and a storm of applause followed. Again and again they applauded, the enthusiasm rising as he proceeded until an eloquent climax closed his address with the audience standing and vigorously crying, "We will, we will!"

As he stepped from the side door he encountered three gentlemen who were waiting for him. One of them he had met before, the others were strangers. But they shook hands warmly and were chatting in the most friendly way as they slowly passed up the street toward John's boarding place.

The people who overtook and passed them turned and looked at John, and many of them nodded and some shook hands. It was really an ovation, as one of the gentlemen with John remarked, and John blushed and said it was rather embarrassing as well as undesired.

And when the four men reached the Dillworth gate the man who had met John before said something to him in an earnest tone, and John made a brief reply, and then the three men shook hands with John and bade him goodby.

That evening John had a caller. It was Deacon Blodgett. The deacon seemed a little embarrassed as he sat in the parlor twirling the hat that he had refused to yield into Mary's hands.

"Mr. Granger," he presently said, "I'm a committee of one to represent the trustees of our church. They have sent me over to close a little deal with you. It's something that should have been attended to before. An' they want me to say to you that they are very well pleased with your efforts. Yes, An' I want to say for myself that your speech this afternoon was an astonisher. Yes, sir, I didn't think you had it in you. Why, you fairly electrified the folks. You've got 'em stirred up as they never were before, an' good will come of it. And now, Mr. Granger, I want to say that I'm empowered by the trustees to contract with you for two years at \$800 a year—an' it's the most we ever paid a pastor, with one or two exceptions."

John shook his head.  
"You're a little too late, Mr. Blodgett," he smilingly said. "I agreed this afternoon to become associate pastor of a city church."

The deacon looked disappointed.  
"It's too bad," he said. "I s'pose that was the committee I saw you talkin' with after the meetin'. Of course I fancy you're gettin' a good thing out of 'em. But I'm real sorry you ain't going to stay with us. It's a good field." He paused and turned to Mary. "Can't you persuade him to change his mind, Miss Dillworth?"

Mary blushed a little and laughed.  
"I don't see how I can, Mr. Blodgett," she said. "You see, we are to be married soon, and I have promised to go with him."

"I want to know," said the deacon.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**One War With Few Mistakes.**  
The war with Mexico, whether just or unjust, from a political standpoint is one of the most brilliant pages in the history of the army. While a large volume of volunteers was called out, it was fought in the main by the regular army and with scarcely a reverse from start to finish. The commanding generals were still young enough for active service, but they had all had military experience in the war of 1812 and the Indian campaigns, and the regiments were filled in the lower grades with intelligent, ambitious and well educated cadets from West Point, of whom over 1,100 had been graduated between 1817, when Thayer became superintendent, and 1845.—General F. V. Greene in Lippincott's.

**"The English Mind."**  
You have comprehended some points of my works much more clearly than many of my compatriots and have treated them in a manner quite unknown here (in England). Broad generalization cannot be grasped by the English mind. I am pleased to see that it is otherwise in Italy.—Letter of Herbert Spencer to an Italian.

**A Wise Boy.**  
First Boy—It's 6 o'clock. Let's go home.  
Second Boy—Nit. If we go home now, we'll get licked fer stayin' out so late. If we stay till 8 o'clock, we'll get hugged an' kissed fer not bein' drowned.—Puck.

**Needed a Big Feag.**  
"I am suffering from brain feag, doctah," said Sapphede. "Fish is good for that, isn't it?"

"Very good," replied the doctor. "Suppose you begin with a medium sized whale every morning for breakfast."

The idea of driving piles with a water jet was borrowed by engineers from the clam, a small shellfish which burrows twelve to fourteen inches into hard sand or mud by this process.

## MENDING POCKETKNIVES.

Sentimental Reasons That Lead People to the Cutler's Shop.

A man of an inquiring turn who had read on the front of a cutler's shop the sign "Pocketknives Rebladed and Rehandled," and who recalled the fact that when he was a boy he used to get a new blade put in sometimes when he broke one out of his knife, found, upon inquiry, that boys still get new blades put in knives just as they used to, but that, as a matter of fact, the people who have pocketknives repaired are mostly older persons and that the knives are likely to be valued for their associations.

"I've carried that knife for fifty years," says one gentleman, and he hands over a knife that he's carried since he was a boy and that he'd hate to lose.

Many knives brought in for repairs are prized because they are gifts, or they were bought in some foreign country, or they just suit the hand of the man that uses them. There are various more or less sentimental reasons why a man may prefer to keep the old knife rather than discard it for a new one. Then it may be that in some other cases the knife is too valuable to be thrown away. So that first and last and for one reason and another, out of the vast number of pocketknives carried, a good many come in to be mended.

The repairs made to pocketknives are of a varied character. They may consist, for example, in the putting on of one new pearl side on a pearl handled knife to replace a side cracked or flawed. With long use the blade at the hinged end or the spring in the handle or the rivet by which the blade is held may get worn so that the knife blade won't close properly, or maybe the spring is no longer as it should be, flush with the back of the knife. In fact, a great many things can happen to a pocketknife, and of course the more blades the more things can happen, but the cutler repairs them all.



